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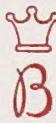
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Queen Ingrid and her daughters

QUEEN INGRID, consort of the King of Denmark, is a daughter of King Gustaf VI, Adolf of Sweden. She married King Frederik in 1955. With her are her three daughters, eight-year-old Princess Anne Marie, Princess Margrethe the Heir Presumptive to the throne, who was born in 1940, and Princess Benedikte, aged ten. King Frederik succeeded his father, King Christian X, in 1947



Betty Swaebt

AT a beautiful old house situated near the Bois de Boulogne, Madame de la Calle runs one of the most distinguished finishing schools in Paris. The girls, many of whom will be débutantes in the coming season, study language, the arts in French and also many practical subjects. In the salon are Miss Frances Sweeney, daughter of the Duchess of Argyll, Lady Sarah Cadogan, Miss June Ducas, Miss Sonia Pilkington, Miss Sally Probart-Jones, the Hon. Diana Herbert, and Miss Camilla Straight, daughter of Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight

Débutantes of tomorrow

*Studying the arts at a
finishing school in Paris*

TO MARRY IN THE NEW YEAR

MISS DEIRDRE REID, eldest daughter of Mr. Ronald Reid, the surgeon, and Mrs. Reid, of Crepping Hall, Wakes Colne, Essex, who is to marry Lord Primrose, only son of the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, on January 22. Miss Reid had a successful career at Ruskin School of Art, Oxford, as a stage designer. Lord Primrose has similar tastes and was responsible for the lighting at the Diaghilev Exhibition. This charming sketch is by Lady Diana Abdy



Social Journal

Jennifer

ROYAL HOUSE-PARTY AT SANDRINGHAM

H.M. THE QUEEN, with Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and other members of the house-party at Sandringham, saw the New Year in quietly. It was just a happy and informal family party as in thousands of other British homes, here and all over the Commonwealth. The Duchess of Kent and her children had left Sandringham and spent New Year's Eve with a small party of close friends at Coppins, their home near Iver.

The largest gathering to celebrate the New Year was, of course, the Chelsea Arts Ball at

the Albert Hall, where the theme this year was "The Seven Seas." Among those who went to this annual event were Lord Wilton who had a big party, the Hon. Mrs. Pamela Churchill, Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, Viscountess Lambton, the Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitkin and Miss Judy Montagu. Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted had a dance at Upton House, their Warwickshire home, on New Year's Eve, as did the Hon. Mrs. Burns at her home at Windlesham, where she had a dinner party of seventy-two before the dance. Mrs. Burns and her husband, Mr. Bobby Burns, have since gone off on a flying trip which will take them to such varied parts as Cairo, Honolulu, Florida and Jamaica. There they will be staying with friends at the

new and outstandingly attractive Roundhill Estate at Montego Bay, which I visited last February.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butler also gave an amusing New Year's Eve party at their home, Shortgrove, in Essex, where guests had to wear wigs.

COUNTESS HOWE and Mrs. John Carras gave an excellent joint party for young friends from nine to twenty-one, which was for Countess Howe's three daughters and her step-grand-daughter. They were Miss Anne and Miss Susan Shafto, both looking charming in pale pink dresses, Susan's trimmed with cherry red

[Continued overleaf]



Miss Jennifer Statham and Miss Patricia Bushe, two of the bridesmaids, were chatting to the best man, Major H. S. Langstaff, Royal Horse Artillery



Three of the guests who were exchanging news at the wedding were Miss Diana Foxhall-Smedley, Miss Gay Armstrong and Miss June Hagley



Mr. Stephen Stopford with Mrs. V. Avory and her daughter, Miss Sonia Avory, at the reception which was at Whitwell Hatch, Haslemere

Continuing The Social Journal

A joint party for the younger set

bows; nine-year-old Lady Sarah Curzon, an enchanting little girl, who wore two blue bows in her long hair to match her dress, and Miss Frances Curzon who looked sweet and also wore blue. The party was equally for Mr. "Costa" Carras, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Carras, in whose lovely home in Avenue Road it was held. The evening commenced with several games and a dance in which every young man was given a clue to find his partner, so that from the start it went with a swing. Dancing took place in the lofty music-room which has perfect acoustics, and the young guests' delicious buffet supper was served up in the minstrels gallery from where I watched some of the dancing earlier. Here I saw Lady Sarah Curzon dancing the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh perfectly, and enjoying every moment of the evening. In contrast, another much older guest who entered into the spirit of the evening and danced many of the numbers, was that great Scotsman, Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin, who came with his charming Greek-born wife. Among the young guests I noticed dancing were Lady Caroline Acheson, who wore a white dress with a blue sash, Viscountess Maitland's two children, Lady Mary and Lady Anne Maitland, Lord Morris's twin sons, the Hon. Michael and the Hon. Edward Morris, Miss Zara Heber Percy, Miss Helen Mostras, daughter of the Greek Ambassador, who is studying in Paris, Mr. Richard Cheyney, who is in the Welsh Guards, Miss Jessica Lubbock, Mr. Anthony Sabey, who I saw dancing with Miss Anne Shafto, his brother Michael Sabey, Mr. Geoffrey Scott, Miss Veronica Scott, Miss Anne and Miss Miranda Doughty-Tichborne, the two pretty daughters of Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne, Anne, the elder, makes her début next year, the Hon. Nicholas Bethell, Lady Caroline Giffard, Mr. Richard Melville, who like Costa Carras is at Harrow, is a scholar and at the Knowle, and Miss Zandra Seely, looking charming in white, whose parents, Major and Mrs. Victor Seely, were also at the party. Among the few "grown-ups" I saw there with Countess Howe and Mrs. Carras, were Earl Howe, Mr. Carras, Viscountess Maitland, Lord and Lady Stamp, whose second son was among the young guests dancing gaily, the Countess of Gosford and Mr. Edward Voules.

After supper everyone was entertained around the dance floor by an extremely clever juggler, and before the party ended dozens of balloons were released from the ceiling. Each one contained a number, the same as your partner for the last dance, and some an additional lucky number, which ended a very happy evening.

★ ★ ★

THREE have been what anglers might call a spate of cocktail parties around Christmas and the New Year. So many, that on several occasions I have only been able to stay for five or ten minutes before leaving to fit in another invitation. It was, for example, a very busy evening when Capt. and Mrs. Jack Dennis kindly invited me to have a cocktail at their new home in Hays Mews. With the help of Mr. John Fowler they have transformed the whole place and it is now one of the most enchanting small homes in London. The lofty and attractively shaped drawing-room, which has been exquisitely furnished, looks out on to a miniature courtyard which reminds one of an Italian home, and will be fascinating to sit out in on a summer's evening, if only we have a hot summer! The little morning-room, which is principally red and white, has most unusual red eucalyptus wood discs decorating the white walls which are most effective. Capt. Dennis, who used to be in the Life Guards, and his lovely wife have another delightful house in Sussex.



VISCOUNT HAMBLEDON AND HIS FIANCÉ, Donna Maria Carmela Attolico de Adelfia. She is the daughter of the Contessa Attolico de Adelfia, of Via Porta Latina, Rome, and the late Count Bernardo Attolico, former Ambassador to the Holy See

Among friends having a drink with them when I arrived were Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, who now have a London pied-à-terre quite near in Berkeley Street, Mr. Peter Coats, Mr. "Chips" Channon, who has such a lovely home in Belgrave Square and was enchanted with the Dennis's new home, and Countess di Toledo, who was over from Italy on her first visit to London, and came with Mr. Coats.

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD SLESINGER always give a cocktail party near Christmas, and this year nearly two hundred friends came to their charming house in Upper Brook Street. A lot of these were young friends of their two sons, John and Anthony. Here again, I could only stay for a short while, during which time I met Sir William and Lady Reid Dick and Sir Christopher Courtney, who was alone as Lady Courtney unfortunately had 'flu. Her daughter, Mrs. Charles Maydwell, was there with her husband, who had just returned from a trip to the Middle East. I saw also Mr. and Mrs. Zamora talking to Mr. Angus Irwin, Sir Arbuthnot and Lady Lane, Lord Milne and his mother, Claire Lady Milne, widow of the late Field Marshal Lord Milne, Major W. H. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Trench, Mr. and Mrs. David Mackenzie, Lady Wright, Mr. Francis Gentle and Lady Ley. Younger guests included the Hon. Nicholas and Mrs. Beaumont, Miss Diana Morley Kennerly, Miss Julie Pinckney, Mr. Christopher Hartley, Mr. Duncan Macleod, Miss Belinda Fox and Miss Belinda Brooks and her brother Bobbie.

★ ★ ★

IWENT to a most entertaining children's party which Mrs. Pilcher, widow of Admiral Cecil Pilcher, gave for her four grandchildren in her delightful Wilton Place home. They are Martin and Carol-Linda Pilcher, the little son and daughter of Major and Mrs. Ralph Pilcher, who were also both there to help his mother, and seven-year-old Alexandra Lampson and her younger sister Nadine, who looked enchanting in identical dresses of white organdie over pink, with which they wore small pearl necklaces. Both little girls have inherited their mother's outstandingly charming manners.

The Hon. Graham and Mrs. Lampson had come up with their daughters from their home near Coventry for the party, and were both busy helping to look after the young guests, who ranged in age from three years to eight-year-olds. I think the youngest was three-year-old Ailsa Kennedy, who was a centre of merriment from the moment she arrived, and in spite of her tender years showed no sign of shyness. She came with her nanny, as her



Miss Caroline Brooks and Mrs. H. S. Langstaff, who is the wife of the best man, were listening to Capt. Torquil Macleod R.A.

mother Moira Shearer only returned from Canada, where she had been dancing the leading rôle in *Sleeping Beauty* with the Old Vic Company, the following day. Ailsa's father, Mr. Ludovic Kennedy, the author and playwright, was among several fathers who came to collect their children at the end of this excellent party.

MRS. PILCHER, who is devoted to her grandchildren and had Alexandra and Nadine staying with her for six months in Greece last year—during which time incidentally they learnt to speak Greek quite well—had organized a full programme for her young guests. The afternoon began with games and dancing in the drawing-room, then a delicious tea around a very Christmasy-looking table with a snowy tree, hung with coloured witch balls, as centrepiece. After tea there was a splendid conjurer who had the children laughing as well as guessing all the time. Then came the surprise item—a giant pink cracker about five feet long, containing a present for every child. Two most thrilled little boys at this stage were Lord and Lady Grantchester's twin grandsons, Christopher and Jeremy Suenson-Taylor, who wearing white shirts and red trousers came with their mother, the Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Suenson-Taylor.

Other little people enjoying themselves were the Hon. Jane and the Hon. Catherine Dormer, who came with their mother Lady Dormer, Richard Courtauld, whose father, Mr. George Courtauld, came to collect him, Margaret Elliot, whose grandmother Lady Maclean came to fetch her, and Sarah Smithers, who was there with her mother Mrs. Peter Smithers. They were flying to America the following day and will be away until the end of January. Before they left, the children enjoyed ice cream and were given big coloured balloons and special little posies, or coloured fans for the girls.

★ ★ ★

MRS. OWEN ROBERTS recently arranged a most amusing evening for her elder daughter, Camilla, who makes her début next year, and at present like many of her contemporaries is finishing her education in Paris. The evening started with a cocktail party at Mrs. Roberts's enchanting little mews house off Belgrave Square, where she had the living-room transformed for the evening, with red and white décor and very clever subdued lighting. The guests included fourteen young friends, some accompanied by their parents. Also several other older friends of Mrs. Roberts

[Continued overleaf]



MILITARY WEDDING IN SURREY

MAJOR John Nicholson and his bride cutting the cake. She is the daughter of General Sir John Westall, K.C.B., C.B., C.B.E., Royal Marines, and Lady Westall, of Hatch Hill, Kingsley Green, Surrey. The wedding took place at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Haslemere



Desmond O'Neill

General Sir John and Lady Westall await their guests at the reception which was held at Whitwell Hatch, Haslemere. Royal Marine and R.A. officers formed a guard-of-honour

Continuing The Social Journal

A candlelight supper after the theatre

came, some who have girls coming out in 1955, and were all able to meet Camilla, who was looking sweet in a white stiffened chiffon dress with mother-of-pearl and bead embroidery, and her younger sister Lucinda. The young people then went off, a party of sixteen, to the theatre, to see the musical comedy *Can-Can*. Afterwards they came back to the house where they were joined by over twenty other young friends, and all sat down to a delicious supper at small tables covered with pale pink tablecloths and lit by candles. There were only ten grown-ups who sat at one table together. After supper the tables were moved and there was dancing to an excellent small band.

AMONG the young guests who enjoyed this evening were Richard and Tessa Head, the son and daughter of the Minister of War and Lady Dorothea Head, Lord Erne, Simon and Polly Eccles, the son and daughter of the Minister of Education and the Hon. Lady Eccles, and Sheelin Maxwell, a first cousin of Camilla and Lucinda, who is another 1955 débutante. Her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbanke is presenting her and entertaining for her during the season. Other débutantes of next season included Lady Sarah Cadogan, Mary-Dawn Illingworth and Frances Sweeny. Among the young men were Viscount Chelsea, Gerald Ward, Robert Ducas, Lord Elveden and Thomas Dunne.

I WENT in for a short while to the annual children's party at the Hyde Park Hotel, organized to raise funds for the League of Pity, the junior branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and found cheery little figures dressed as admirals, pirates, brides, petroleum men—in fact every known form of fancy dress. This is always one of the best children's parties of the year, and splendidly organized so that the young people have something to entertain them the whole time.

This time they started with games and dancing, followed by the fancy dress parade, then pupils of Miss Ballantine's dancing class gave a splendid cabaret. Tea followed, after which there was the prize-giving, a conjuror, and then the children, most of whom seemed to have some kind of prize, were given balloons before they went home to bed.

One of the first little people I met was sixteen months old Diana Parker, proudly walking around in her long crimson velvet Elizabethan gown in which as "Young Bess" she had won first prize. She was with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Archie Parker. The second prizewinner in this class was Mrs. Guy Mansell's daughter Edwina, and Juliet Patterson-Morgan won third prize. An amusing group which won a first prize were James and Michael Denison-Pender, the twin sons of the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Denison-Pender, and their six-year-old sister Linda, who came as two strong men and a dancer.

LADY MANCROFT brought two of her daughters, Vanessa Quarry and the Hon. Victoria Mancroft, who were both thoroughly enjoying the party. Lady Rendlesham came with her daughter Sarah and was sitting at a table with Mrs. Donaldson-Hudson, whose daughter Charlotte did a solo tap dance in the cabaret. Another soloist was Stacey Gregg, who sang and danced. I met Viscountess

Tarbat whose son, the Hon. John Blunt Mackenzie sat enthralled watching the conjuror, Mr. and Mrs. Frankland Moore—she was the very hard-working and capable chairman of the party—Lady Russell and her brother, Mr. John Prestige, who both had their children there, and Lady Melchett wearing a cyclamen red velvet hat and cravat with her black dress, who brought her son and daughter. Other children enjoying themselves included Anthony and David Montague, Veronica Hyndley, Nicholas Ward-Jackson, Rosemary Maxwell, who came as a cat, Simon Parkinson-Smith, Sarah Curzon dressed as a nurse, Geoffrey Roberts and Lindy Lou Appleyard, who won a first prize.

★ ★ ★

TOMORROW night, January 13, there is to be the Hilary subscription dance for young people at the May Fair Hotel. The previous two subscription dances arranged here have been a tremendous success and this one promises to be just as much fun. Elizabeth, Countess of Bandon, who has always been a very live spirit in organizing these dances for young people, will once again be hostess of the dance and will be assisted by the same young committee as before. They also plan an Easter subscription dance which will be held on April 19.

On next Friday, January 14, Mrs. Charles Villiers, who is a Belgian by birth, and before her marriage was Comtesse José de la Barre, and Lady Gillian Anderson are organizing a dance, primarily for teenagers at the Anglo-Belgian Centre in Belgrave Square. This house makes a most beautiful setting for a dance and it will be the first big party here since the Belgian Institute has been changed to the Anglo-Belgian Centre with headquarters at 6 Belgrave Square.



Left: Four people who were standing under a fine canvas by Murillo were Mrs. Parsons, Miss Mary Tabor, Mr. S. E. Niemeyer and Miss Angela Bering



Right: Mrs. Michell, and Major Satow of the British Horse Society, were here deep in conversation



Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was partnering the Hon. Mrs. Edward Digby in a foxtrot



The Count de Palet was having a joke with Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins. Inwood is widely famous for its magnificent collection of sporting pictures



A REUNION HUNT BALL

IT was a very happy occasion when the Blackmore Vale, and the Blackmore Vale (Miss Guest's), held their joint hunt ball as a reunited pack, at Inwood, near Templecombe, the lovely home of Miss Guest. Above: Mr. R. P. Trevor and Miss J. Selmes, who were sitting out on the stairs

Left: There were some four hundred and fifty guests at the ball. Among them were Mr. Michael Warren, Miss Emily Hurst, Miss Bridget Kimmins and also Mr. Oliver Lascelles

Right: Miss Laura Tennant, Mr. Edmund Fane, Miss Georgiana Clive-Ponsonby Fane and Mr. Nigel Seligman were two couples who saw the New Year in at this good ball



Victor Yorke



Miss Isobel Roe illustrates the superb grace of the first-class skier moving at speed and under perfect control which is what makes this particular sport one of such delight to the onlooker

THE MODERN TREND IN INTERNATIONAL SKI-ING

• Isobel Roe •

The author of this article is the S.C.G.B. Representative at Gstaad, and has been British Ski champion in 1938, '39, '48 and '49, and Olympic Captain, 1948

INTERNATIONAL ski racing in recent years has reached a tremendously high level. In prewar racing, three to four seconds difference in time meant quite a close thing for the winner. In the 1954 World Championship Giant Slalom, ten competitors finished within four seconds of Stein Eriksen, the winner.

Not only are there more racers in the top flight, but the standard is higher, the reason being the increased interest in international competition. In 1930 we had the British, the Austrians, the Swiss and the Germans. In 1934 the French were becoming a force to be reckoned with. But it was not until after the war that Norway, Italy, Sweden, U.S.A. and Canada were all taking an active part, and all providing possible world champions.

In the early thirties, British men and women racers headed the lists. As late as 1936, Evie Pinching won the World Championships at Innsbruck. We could not possibly hope to maintain this position, as every small Alpine valley now has at least half a dozen youngsters who have skied from the age of three or four years, and any one of them would stand a chance of getting into their national team.

Since the war, therefore, we have wisely not entered teams for the World Championships as we would have no hope of finishing in the top two-thirds of the entry.

WE continue, in accordance with Olympic tradition, to enter for the Games, but our chief events in the future will be the Lowlander Championships, Kent Class and Citizen's Races, which are run in France, Italy or Switzerland. In these races we shall be competing against people who, like ourselves, spend most of the year below the snow line.

The modern international race course requires an army (literally so at the 1952 Olympics) to keep it in order and repair any ruts, grooves and graves made during intensive training. Slalom courses are stamped to the consistency of iron, and it is often necessary to use snow cement, a blue substance which has about a twelve-hour freezing effect on slushy snow. This is used in spring to help preserve a course which is getting a bit thin. Naturally the ordinary race course does not get the same treatment as the international course, since this is a question of expense, not unlike Wimbledon employing more grounds-men than a London club.

Equipment has advanced, too. Skis before the war were made of one piece of wood, or laminated wood, cost about £3 a pair and were simple things. Today the Head Ski (an American product) is a complicated construction of laminated fir sandwiched between aluminium with a let-in steel edge—which sells at 45 gns. The Gomme Ski (British) is built up on a steel plate with a plastic sole. It costs £17, is immensely popular, and is now being made under licence by Attenhofer in Switzerland.

BOTH these make ski-ing far easier and have been known to improve the standard by fifty per cent. They turn very easily, but are slightly unsteady for straight running at speed. For this reason they have not been generally adopted by racers who are not troubled by turning difficulties. I shall be using Austrian Fibre-Glass skis this winter. There have been good reports of these, but I shall reserve my judgment, and they will have to be very good indeed to be better than Gommes.

Short skis (eyebrow height is roughly correct) are a blessing to the unfit, unskilled, the unambitious and the beginner. You can start or carry on getting about the snow on these at almost any age—

and after all that was the original idea of ski-ing—not standing about on nursery slopes waiting your turn to make the next sitzmark! Why have we waited so long for them? Short skis are not only for the *Piste*, but are quite satisfactory in soft snow where it is probably fair to say they make a bad skier better, and a good skier worse. By worse, I mean they slow them down.

Each season sees more and more converts to safety bindings, now known as release bindings. Some break their legs before they get converted and some get converted first. It now looks quite old fashioned to be seen with toe irons. In their place a swivel toe fitting is used, and at first the unaccustomed think that faith alone will keep the ski on. My choice is the ski free, which I have used for two seasons, but I believe the marker is equally good and new ones are constantly coming on the market.

OTHER quite recent developments include the Trima Skin for climbing. It fits into slots in the groove of the ski and does away with those tiresome straps which always slipped round to the side of the ski and eventually came off. Plastic soles have been with us some years. They are a tremendous economy, and I am afraid must have put that charming individual "the ski man" (a friend of all small boys) out of work.

Quite new to this country and a *must* with any team, group or party is a portable infra-red ray lamp. It is claimed that this lamp, called "Infraphil" will cure sprains, strains, bruises and colds in double quick time! "Infraphil" comes from Holland where over 60,000 were sold last year. Our Olympic team at Helsinki had about one hundred and gave most glowing reports of it, not only when used on athletes, but on the show-jumping horses, too.

WHEN to go ski-ing and Where? No two people think alike on this subject. Personally I enjoy and look forward to "the January gap" and consider it a fallacy to say you never see the sun in January. At this period one gets some of the easiest and best snow conditions at all hours of the day. There is no worrying and wondering whether one has left the run too late and that it will be sheet ice, or worse still, frozen ruts. Advantages of this season are that the hotels are not crowded and are consequently cheaper, there will be no funicular queues, and those taking ski school lessons or hiring equipment will get that extra attention which it is not possible to give at the height of the season.

If in doubt about where to go, I can think of no better people to consult than the two Ski Club of Great Britain representatives who give advice on choosing a resort—Pat d'Ambrumenil at the Ski Club and Joyce Secretan at Messrs. Lillywhites, Piccadilly. Both seem most gifted at recommending the "right place" and I have been very impressed with the way they quickly sum up their clients' needs and give them their invaluable and unbiased opinion.

ANUMBER of features go to making a resort, but the final decision often lies in something quite small. Perhaps the choice will be Mürren, Wengen or Grindelwald for its unsurpassed scenery, Gstaad or Saanenmöser for its simpler and more friendly wooded glades and meadow country, Tirol for simplicity and charm, St. Moritz for its amusement and fashion, France for its chic sophistication. Or perhaps you are skilled, fit and ambitious? Then it must be the Parsenn, which indisputably offers the best ski-ing in the world. But here again, is it to be Davos or Klosters? Town or country life, with the same ski runs serving both?



OFF FOR A RUN ON THE WASSERGRAT were Mr. Michael Sherwood-Smith from Haileybury and Mr. Murray Buttrose from Stowe



Lady Chamier, the Ski Club of Great Britain representative at Gstaad, works on her Trima skis, which are used specially for climbing



THE SEVEN SEAS was the theme for the Chelsea Arts Ball of 1954-55 and was designed by Ronald Searle. Right: The fantastic and exciting centre piece which is suspended high above the dancers. The traditional breaking up of the floats was banned this year so the festivities had a quieter air

Roundabout

-Paul Holt

THERE is something different going on with the cricket in Australia. It is no longer a question of who wins the toss, for Mr. Hutton has been successful. It is that imponderable thing the wicket.

That stretch of green turf is playing tricks with the batsmen and the game, for the first time since Bill Hitch played at the Oval, is swinging again in favour of the bowler.

This was noticeable at the first Test at Brisbane, when Mr. Hutton chose wrongly. Everybody scolded him for not spotting the preparation of the wicket. Then again at Melbourne it was obvious that something odd was going on, for the groundsman was fired the day before the game started—and again in the first innings batsmen of both sides failed.

I think the reason for this is that the men who are responsible for this lovely sport have decided that it needs more spectators who will pay the money to keep it going and spectators like to see wickets fall more than to see runs scored. The days of triple centuries are done with.

Harold Larwood, who was the most graceful

bowler I ever saw, is now a night watchman in Sydney and I don't doubt he had an invitation to the match. It must have made him smile to see the wickets fall and understand how fun is coming back again into the game he loved so well.

Indeed, there can be no denying after the extraordinary happenings at Melbourne that the wickets are getting up to all tricks. This Test pitch was the most mysterious of all. One day it looked like a dust bowl and the next was sweating like a boxer in training. The cruel allegations that it was watered over the weekend was merely an excuse to explain the new magic that seems to have come into the turf.

★ ★ ★

IT was splendid to read about a gent who persuaded a judge to grant him a divorce because his wife would squeeze the tube of toothpaste in the middle after he had carefully folded it up at the end.

The judge said that this was not a normal reason for divorce but he had come to the conclusion that the husband was unusually sensitive towards this kind of domestic behaviour and therefore his case would stand.

O righteous judge!

I do not doubt that unhappiness in married life springs from small things. Small habits.

When a wife goes to court to ask for freedom she complains about infidelity. But what she really means is that she is bored to distraction by her husband's habit of clearing his throat before he talks. A man, though more likely to be angry about a wife's adventure on the wilder shores of love, will crime his wife far more for refusing to allow him to eat his breakfast standing up.

★ ★ ★

WHAT is the secret of genius? How can we judge it? A young man wants to know.

When Mr. Basil Spence at the Royal

Institute of British Architects addressed five hundred boys on the subject of his drawings for the new Coventry Cathedral, which, you will remember, looks like a box of bricks with a gasometer stuck on the end, one boy spoke up.

"How long will it take for us to decide whether it is a work of genius or not?" he demanded.

Mr. Spence was baffled. He faced a situation, abhorrent to all Englishmen, of being suspected a genius—and to his face!

And, of course, he gave a ridiculous reply.

"Whether it is too early to be judged or not," he replied, probably flushing hotly, "it will be."

Poor Mr. Spence. He has forgotten the impatience of youth. When they want to know a thing they want to know it *now*. There is so little time to spare when you are ten.

And it's no good telling a boy that lie about the infinite capacity for taking pains, for he knows that it is no more than propaganda. Genius, any boy will tell you, is the vital spark, easily recognizable in a second. If it takes a hundred years for a thing to be recognized, that is not the fault of the work of art, but of our dim eyes.

The young man who asked the question was by no means stupid.

* * *

WE are approaching the glorious season of the Hunt Ball.

This is, without doubt, the gayest annual occasion in English country living—and the most democratic. There is far more mixing of the classes there than at any miners' annual outing.

Just as at a point-to-point, the farmers have the edge on the gentry nowadays, for not only can they afford to be better mounted, but better clad, too.

My happiest hunt ball was spent in the company of a famous lady M.F.H. She weighed, I should guess, fourteen stone, was dressed in bright black bombazine and she was a darling, full of stories and bubbling with fun.

At one point of the evening she was hoisted on half a dozen pink coated shoulders and chaired round the room, blowing the horn shrilly.

Only the huntsman looked a little shocked.

Next morning they met and moved off sedately to the draw.

I never saw so many hangovers on horseback before.

* * *

SIR OSBERT SITWELL has been recalling an embarrassing moment in a train. "I saw a lady reading one of my books. Reaching across from my seat I tapped the volume and told her: 'I am the author. Would you care for my autograph?' She fixed a frozen eye on me, then raised the book so as to obscure me. I have often wondered about her behaviour."

Sir Osbert's sister, Dame Edith, commented: "I have often mused that the lady suspected you, Osbert, of nefarious motives."

Sir Osbert got off lightly. Hesketh Pearson tells the story of Charles Dickens going into a newsagent's shop in Broadstairs for some tobacco and hearing a lady ask for the latest fortnightly instalment of his *Great Expectations*. When she took it up she cried out crossly: "No, no! Not this one. I've read this one. I want the latest!"

Dickens went white. He hadn't written it.

~~~~~

#### AGE

... and I've forgotten infinitely more than  
You ever knew. I may have had my day  
But let me tell you this, my dear. . . . Well, well!  
What was I going to say?

—LORNA WOOD



Wendham Robinson

PRESIDENT OF THE SKI CLUB of Great Britain, Gen. Sir Frederick Pile, G.C.B., K.C.B., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., was elected to that office in October, 1953. For many years Britain's wartime A.A. chief has been an enthusiastic skier, and a member of the S.C.G.B. since 1920, the club having been formed in 1903. In 1921 he competed at Scheidegg in the first British ski championships, entering in the Downhill race which was won by Leonard Dobbs. Sir Frederick modestly described himself as a second class skier and adds in his own words, "I fall all over the place." His first skiing experience was in the French Alps in 1908, since when he has visited many other centres including Wengen and Grindelwald



## L.R.B. HOLD A PARTY

Lt.-Col. S. J. M. Schuster, O.B.E., T.D., C.O., of the London Rifle Brigade Rangers, was host at the Annual Dance held at their H.Q. in Sun Street. Here he pours a drink for Mrs. David Tomlinson, with Major John Baker, M.C., looking on and (right) Mrs. Richard Pegler and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Vaughan Thomas, were also guests at the dance



## DINING IN

### *A vegetable paragon*

-Helen Burke

I AM indebted to M. Cammaerts, Agricultural Attaché to the Belgian Embassy, for a brace of chicory and some excellent recipes on how to prepare and serve this versatile vegetable. Whether raw in salads, or cooked, or used as an important part of a main dish, it is equally good—an excellent all-rounder indeed.

If you are giving a buffet party of finger foods, why not pass whole compact, cigar-shaped chicories with the sandwiches? Salad dressing is, of course, a "must" in a bowl, but chicory, in itself, is flavoursome enough.

As long as chicory is available—which it will be up to April—I am never without it. Incidentally, it is often referred to as "Belgian endive," and I first met the following dish as "Endive Supreme."

In a pan, wide enough, if possible, to hold the chicories in one layer, pour just enough water to cover the bottom. Add the juice of a small lemon and salt to taste. Lay the chicory in the pan. Press your butter paper on top, cover, and boil gently for half an hour. Drain, then blot out the water in a linen cloth.

Wrap each chicory in paper-thin boiled ham. Place side by side in a well-buttered shallow oven dish, cooked with a creamy cheese or plain white sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese and fine bread-crumbs and brown quickly in the oven.

An equally good dish is made this way: Prepare the chicory as above (first removing any damaged outside leaves and trimming the stem ends). Place in a well-buttered shallow oven dish. For six to eight chicories, three to four servings, beat three eggs. Season with pepper and salt and a pinch of nutmeg, then beat in three to four tablespoons of cream. Pour this over the chicory, dot with butter and leave in the oven just long enough barely to set the egg mixture.

Recently I enjoyed a salad composed of

shredded crisp red cabbage, diced cooked beetroot, tomatoes cut into eighths, and lots of chicory in one-inch pieces. First, the wooden bowl was rubbed with a cut clove of garlic, then a good mustard spoon of dry mustard was mixed with olive oil to a smooth paste in the bowl. Next, pepper and salt and a little wine vinegar were added. In all, about four parts of oil were used to one of vinegar, and the mixture was turned over and over in the dressing.

For those who like their salads to be as simple as possible, toss each length of chicory in the dressing, or break up crisp hearts of lettuce and mix them in.

first-class restaurant exclusively à la carte, but it is the sort of place where it is no hardship to wait while your requirements are being prepared.

Part of the time we spent on a sort of sentimental journey to some of our old haunts: the Chez Maurice in Eastbourne, a truly French restaurant. Do not go there if you are in any sort of a hurry; you may have to wait some time for your first course and even longer for your second, but how well worth the trouble, because every dish is prepared individually by the proprietor-chef, M. Maurice, who was once a pupil of Escoffier. Here you bring your own wine, for which he charges you no corkage.

We then went to Rodmell, a tiny village between Newhaven and Lewes. What a place it was in the 'twenties: an astonishing collection of people all lived there at the same time—James Murray Allison, D. B. Wyndham Lewis, J. B. Morton, Edward Shanks, Clennell Wilkinson, Jimmy Sterndale Bennett, Reginald Pound, Kay and Van Vanden Heuvel, Leonard and Virginia Woolf.

Jack Squire used to bring his famous cricket team down; Hilaire Belloc was a frequent visitor; and great was the singing of songs in the evening at the Abergavenny Arms which in those days was run by Lord North's ex-head keeper, George Malthouse, whose cure for a cold used to be a pint of old ale full of chopped up onions.

And so to the White Hart Hotel at Lewes. This has been acquired by Robert Lamdin during the last year, who has carried out alterations on a very grand scale. We found the dining room was now a smart cocktail bar; the old lounge is now the dining room, which they have extended through the conservatory, removed the roof of a building that got in the way, and given the dining room a wonderful view right across to the Downs. The "old bar" is still there and Gladys is still in charge after twenty-three years. The chef, Gordon Parsons, was trained in Belgium for fifteen years and there is nothing he cannot prepare if you give him suitable notice. An unusual feature of the menu is the statement that says: "Garlic is used in cooking our grills unless otherwise requested." Maître d'hôtel James Craigie, is also a first-class sommelier.

-I. Bickerstaff



## DINING OUT

### *In search of old friends*

TALKING of "Conti of the Café de Paris," we heard a rumour that he had taken over The Old Bell at Oxted so on our way to East Sussex for Christmas we made a slight diversion through Oxted to see if this was true, as indeed it was.

Sure enough there he was and with the authentic Conti touch had made many alterations and great improvements since we last visited this thirteenth-century Free House. He has installed a small but

## YACHTSMEN RING IN NEW YEAR 1955

ONCE more the Royal Thames Yacht Club's Winter Ball took place at the beautiful clubhouse in Knightsbridge. Over 450 members and their guests enjoyed a gay party which naturally had a strong nautical flavour



*Mr. Arthur Levita and Miss Heather de Rance welcomed in the New Year to the sound of the historic H.M.S. Thames bell*



*Four people meeting on the staircase in front of Norman Wilkinson's "Britannia" were: Mr. H. J. Franklin, Mrs. Brian MacDonald, Mrs. Franklin and Mr. Geoffrey Garrett*



*Left: Air Vice-Marshal Sir Douglas Harries, Secretary of the Club, was talking to Miss Shirley Lindsay-Rea and Mr. Jack Ewing*



*Left: Earnestly discussing the next season's prospects were Mr. Peter Dupree, Col. M. L. Reynolds, Mrs. J. Domville Bradford and Cdr. James Dupree*



*Right: Mr. and Mrs. E. Bridges Webb were admiring some of the many beautiful flower decorations while waiting for the festivities to begin*

## Priscilla in Paris



COMTESSE FRANCOIS DE BOURBON-BUSSET is seen in the salon of her beautiful eighteenth-century home in the Rue de Lille, Paris. Her husband, who owns the medieval chateau Busset, near Vichy, belongs to a branch of the French Royal Family. The Comtesse was formerly Miss Brenda Balfour. They have two children



DONNA MARINA CICOGNA-MOZZONI is the daughter of Count and Countess Cesare Cicogna-Mozzoni. Her family owns the famous Palladian villa in Maser, which contains the most beautiful frescoes Veronese ever painted. Donna Marina has spent a year in America and England, and is now living for a few months in Paris

## Sandra and the Cherry

IT is only when they are fading into the past that one really can assess the profit or loss of what Paris traditionally calls "*les jours de fête*." For those of us who celebrated the fête days at home the profit column wins. Children's laughter, elderly smiles, the plainer forms of Christmas fare, a pleasant—if slightly maudlin—sense of duty done. Playboys-and-girls also have no complaints this year. The rich menus of restaurants and night-clubs may have touched the high water (or do I mean champagne) mark in quality and cost, but this served to curb our over-eager appetites and ill results were no more than could be dealt with by the borrowing of a few *mille* notes or a pinch of bicarbonate.

Those of us who really asked for trouble were the ones who trimmed the Christmas tree, danced through a cabaret night, reached home in time to put on a dressing gown and wake the children, try out the new gramophone records, carve the turkey and help strip the tree! Even so, most of them are back already from the nursing home and, anyway, I can think of many less pleasant things, at this time of the year, than a rest-cure in a peaceful clinic. I know one man who would gladly have gone there if he could have taken the time to do so.

JIM FREY, writer, painter, lion-tamer-in-his-spare-moments and little brother to all wild animals, rather overdid the Christmas spirit of peace and goodwill. When, during a rehearsal with the dancer Sarah Caryth, Sandra the lioness turned nasty, Jim Frey intervened and generously gave Sandra his own forearm to chew while the dancer made a hurried exit. Having tasted Jim, the lioness decided she preferred white meat and, leaving him, made a dash for the dancer only to get her nose pinched by the heavy, closing door of the cage. Disappointed, she turned back in order to "make do" with the no doubt tougher male, but Jim had vanished also! Despite his love for the "great cats" Jim Frey had felt no urge to supply Sandra with an entire meal.

A mauled left arm may, alas, keep him out of the circus ring for a while but it need not prevent him from writing, and even illustrating, the story of his adventure. Since the charming dancer got off with a fright I conclude that Sandra—who tried in vain to take two bites at a cherry—is the real victim of this true and somewhat grisly Christmas carol.

EVERY time I attend one of the spectacular shows that P-L Guerin and René Fraday turn out so competently at the Lido, I am quite sure that the limit of foot-light splendour has been reached yet, always, a new creation comes along and surpasses the last. *A Streetcar Named Desire* was a sensational play; the Lido revue called *Désirs* is a sex-ational production! All Paris was present at this first performance, which was not only a première but also the



F. J. Goodman

silver wedding anniversary of the famous cabaret.

After the dinner that preceded the entertainment a many-tiered birthday cake was cut with fitting ceremonial and distributed to the amused spectators, amongst whom were : M. Le Troquer, President of the National Assembly ; M. Ulver, Minister of Commerce ; Marcel Boussac who, accustomed as he is to having a finger in every pie, easily got the plummiest piece ; and Maurice Chevalier who, with the bashfulness proper to the occasion, made one of the little speeches that so enchant the masses.

Jean Cocteau, making his first appearance in public since his recent grave illness, was given a really loving reception. Mme. Weissweiler, coiffed with a new hurricane-

swept hair-do, was there, also Vivian Romance, her auburn curls adorned with two exquisite diamond wings, and Mme. Benitez (alias *la môme Moineau*), wearing a tailored suit of black velvet, a white shirt with a bootlace tie and the most amazing jewels ; her hat was a vast sombrero on which glittered a mass of rubies and diamonds agglutinated into an 80,000,000-franc ornament, guaranteed to act as a headlight on the darkest of winter nights.

TOWARDS midnight arrived some of the happy few (the Théâtre Fontaine, in the street of the same name, is a tiny theatre) who had spent a delightful evening at the first performance of Peter Ustinov's famous play about the amorous Four

Colonels. I usually find quite a few disagreeable things to say about the adaptation of foreign plays that are so often doctored by playwrights—of renown and otherwise—who cannot even read the original script and merely rely on a word-for-word translation.

In this case, however, Mr. Ustinov arrived in Paris before the opening night—that was then postponed—and was able to supervise the last rehearsals. The result seems to be a triumph. I am hoping to get a seat by Easter.

### En Route

- M. Mendès-France is on the warpath. It is called the Milky Way. ("A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold....")



JOAN GREENWOOD, who will star with David Knight and Eileen Peel in *The Moon and the Chimney*, a new comedy by Ladislas Fodor, which has its world premiere at the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, on January 31st and comes to the West End in March. It is a modern comedy, set in a studio on the Left Bank in Paris. John Fernald directs and Hutchinson Scott has designed the decor.

#### **A play for children**

### **Dreaming in the water-meadow**

MR. TOAD of Toad Hall is so richly universal a character that I am surprised that he has not been detected by the astute Mr. Disney, an honour which sometimes proves disastrous and on occasion superb. Probably Mr. Disney's myopia is London's gain, for it has been left to the Stratford-on-Avon players to bring the character to town at the Princes Theatre with proper pomp, tempered by gentle English air.

THE occasion is largely, but not exclusively, the triumph of Leo McKern as Toad himself. This actor, whom we saw recently as the Friar in Romeo and who played Iago on the Australian tour, gives one of those happy performances which suggest he was designed by an open-hearted theatre-minded Providence just to bring

Toad to life. There being very few such gestures from above, the thanks must go to the actor himself. Edward Atienza's Mole is another quieter delight, auguring well for



FROLIC AND FANTASY : William Squire as Rat and Leo McKern as Toad in the Stratford production of *Toad of Toad Hall*

the next Stratford season, when he is to play Feste against Sir Laurence Olivier's Malvolio and her ladyship's Viola in their *Twelfth Night* production, a promised highlight for the spring.

In this presentation, too, we shall see the excellent Mr. Badger, Brewster Mason, transformed into Sir Toby Belch, a piece of casting which has the master touch. Here at the Princes, his performance as the kindly Brock seems near heart's desire for all true lovers of the original work.

THIS is the hour of jaded palates and of serious-minded school shopping mixed with visits to the dentist, but the solace of Mr. Toad's company can be commended to grown-ups and more worthy critics alike. As a professional uncle, I commend finding all the available nephews and nieces within hail and (avoiding the front rows of the stalls, which are too near for true illusion) treating yourself and your supporters to an entertainment in which there is no crooner, no microphone, no radio personality—nothing, indeed, but the warm beauty of an English water-meadow peopled with such stuff as dreams are made on.

—Youngman Carter



Frank Buckingham

## THE HERO OF "MOBY DICK"

Gregory Peck changes his character  
for the exacting role of Captain Ahab

As the fanatical captain, vowed to the destruction of the great White Whale, Gregory Peck has made an abrupt departure from type in his latest film *Moby Dick*, now nearing completion at Associated British Studios, Elstree. With a beard, scarred face, white hair and whalebone leg, he bears little resemblance to the actor who has won such popularity on both sides of the Atlantic since the war; but those who have seen the film in the making promise a performance of great dramatic power.

## At the Pictures

# The Dean is Transformed

I HAVE hitherto found Messrs. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis quite unbearable and, being essentially of a kindly disposition, this has caused me much regret: I don't like not to like people. It is, therefore, with the greatest pleasure that I proclaim that in *Three Ring Circus* Mr. Lewis, at least, can well be borne.

He is the one with the coconut-matting hair and the corncrake voice, who usually plays zany and mops and mows and squeaks and gibbers until he has you curdled with embarrassment. He still, in moments of stress, affects a monstrous squint, but because at other moments he here seems quite human, gentle and pathetic, I am inclined to forgive him this ugly trick and to say indulgently "Oh, well—maybe as a child he was frightened by Ben Turpin."

Mr. Martin, I'm sorry to say, I do not think I shall ever be able to take. He is the slightly tousled one who sings in the Crosby manner—is known, in fact, as the poor man's Groaner—and looks insufferably pleased with himself. He seems to fancy himself as a lady-killer and may, for all I know, be a wow with certain dames; for myself, I prefer something a little subtler than the old G.I. technique he uses—the "Hey, Toots, I got sumpin' for you" line.

THE film opens with Mr. Lewis and his bosom chum, Mr. Martin, being discharged from the Army. Mr. Lewis—under some G.I. Bill of Rights training scheme, I gathered—is to join a circus and take a course in lion-taming; he really wants to be a clown but there are apparently no vacancies in that line. Mr. Martin, for whom Uncle Sam has thoughtlessly made no provision, decides to go along with him.

The circus, a wonderfully spectacular affair as flatteringly presented in Vista-Vision, is owned by Miss Joanne Dru—who makes the neatest, prettiest ringmaster ever you saw. She falls for Mr. Martin's dubious charms and obligingly hires him to do odd jobs; Mr. Lewis, having demonstrated that he lacks the authority required for lion-taming, is presently reduced to the same status, only his jobs are odder—things like scrubbing down the elephants and being fired from a cannon.



DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS have both sawdust and slapstick in the colourful *Three Ring Circus*. Co-starring with them are Zsa Zsa Gabor and Joanne Dru

STAR turn of the circus is the hippy and predatory Saadia, Queen of the Trapeze —played with obvious relish and her tongue in both cheeks by Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor. She commandeers Mr. Martin as her personal assistant and he accepts the position so readily and leeringly that Miss Dru's delightful little nose is put sadly out of joint. She decides she hates Mr. Martin. One could be entirely with her there if one did not know, from long and tedious experience, exactly what that means: she

will eventually, of course, elevate Mr. Martin to circus boss and fall into a clinch with him.

Meantime Mr. Lewis is endearing himself to everyone, from the baby elephants to the deliciously coy bearded lady (Miss Elsa Lanchester) and, I confess, even to me—for now that his features are in repose I can see, for the first time, that he has the sad face of the true comedian. When he dons the clown's mask, the cherry nose and wide white mouth, and creeps into the big top to give a performance to the empty air and tread the trampoline with huge webbed feet and an expression of rapture, Mr. Lewis becomes completely irresistible.

The story is no great shakes, but the transmuted Mr. Lewis's performance is something to see—of this I do assure you.

A SLIGHT, seasonal hiatus in the flow of new films gives one a chance to pause to look back over the year now past.

There was, for instance, Mr. Burt Lancaster's magnificently masculine performance as the dedicated top-sergeant in the slickly scripted *From Here to Eternity*. There was Mr. Humphrey Bogart's tortured Captain Queeg in *The Caine Mutiny*. There was Mr. Marlon Brando's extraordinarily sensitive study of a punch-drunk thug in *On The Waterfront*.

WHAT else do I well remember? Mr. Walt Disney's striking True Life Adventure, *The Living Desert*—and especially the enamelled harlequin snake, wreathing, writhing and fainting in coils. The boys, Vincent Winter and Jon Whiteley, in that charming film *The Kidnappers*. The brutal but superb French film, *The Wages of Fear*. The exceptionally beautiful colour in *The Gate of Hell*, the Japanese film. The ravishing Miss Eartha Kitt in *New Faces*. Mr. Danny Kaye posing as a car salesman in *Knock on Wood*. The beauty of Miss Ava Gardner in *The Barefoot Contessa*. Herr Arne Sucksdorff's exquisite nature film, *The Great Adventure*.

Yes, on the whole I think 1954 was a pretty good year for the picturegoer. Don't you?

**Elsbeth Grant**



SUSAN STEPHEN has appeared in a number of films, the latest of which is *For Better, For Worse*, and made her film debut in 1951 in *His Excellency*



JOANNE DRU, in her latest film, *Three Ring Circus*, now showing, stars with the indefatigable Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis and appears as the owner and ringmistress



JANETTE SCOTT has just completed *As Long as They're Happy* with Jack Buchanan. Before that she played Cassandra in the forthcoming *Helen of Troy*.



Baron

READ MARGO  
FOR GARBO ?

MARGO LORENZ co-stars with Anthony Steele, David Knight and Robert Beatty in Ealing Studios' *Out of the Clouds*, her first British film. She is a niece of that fine actress Luise Rainer, and has played on the stage in Austria before and after the war, and in America. There she took over the lead in *The Moon is Blue* on Broadway for a time, and also appeared on television

## Television

### THE SPOOKY FUTURE

**Freda Bruce Lockhart**

SUITABLY unabashed by all the ill-timed, ill-judged and muddle-minded outcry over *Nineteen-Eighty-Four*, the B.B.C. is daring to look even further into the future. Sunday's play, *The Voices*, is a political thriller set in the year 2021.

*The Voices* are embodied by a cast of experts, headed by Walter Rilla, Carl Bernard, Willoughby Goddard and Ursula Howells, rather than of stars.

On the next night, Monday, in "Nine Days' Wonder," Michael Mills starts another series of flashbacks into famous mysteries.

THE once-honourable name "comedian" has become so debased as to seem almost a threat. But two comedians whose return is always welcome and salutary are Eric Barker (Friday) and Benny Hill (Saturday). Barker is TV's leading licensed jester, debunking mercilessly whatever programme he picks on. Benny Hill is a moon-faced clown ranging far, from clever mimicry to simple lunacy. The latter gets his own new TV show, "Benny's Merry-

go-Round," with Jeremy Hawk and Beryl Reid.

Barker has earned higher honours than those of compere at "Garrison Theatre." But Friday's setting is the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and the occasion the 250th anniversary of the foundation of this venerable institution, originally a hospital for naval pensioners. As Barker is an old Navy man himself, perhaps this naval exercise may prove an honourable occasion after all.

### Gramophone Notes

#### CLOSE HARMONY

THERE is tremendous competition in the popularity stakes on gramophone records, at the moment, between an increasing number of best-selling vocal groups. Some prefix their name with the number of voices in the group, like the Four Aces, the Five Smith Brothers, and so on, others prefer to keep the whole association in the family, as it were, viz., the Ames Brothers, De Marco or Fontane Sisters.

Many, if not all, of the top current groups were scarcely in their cradles when the original

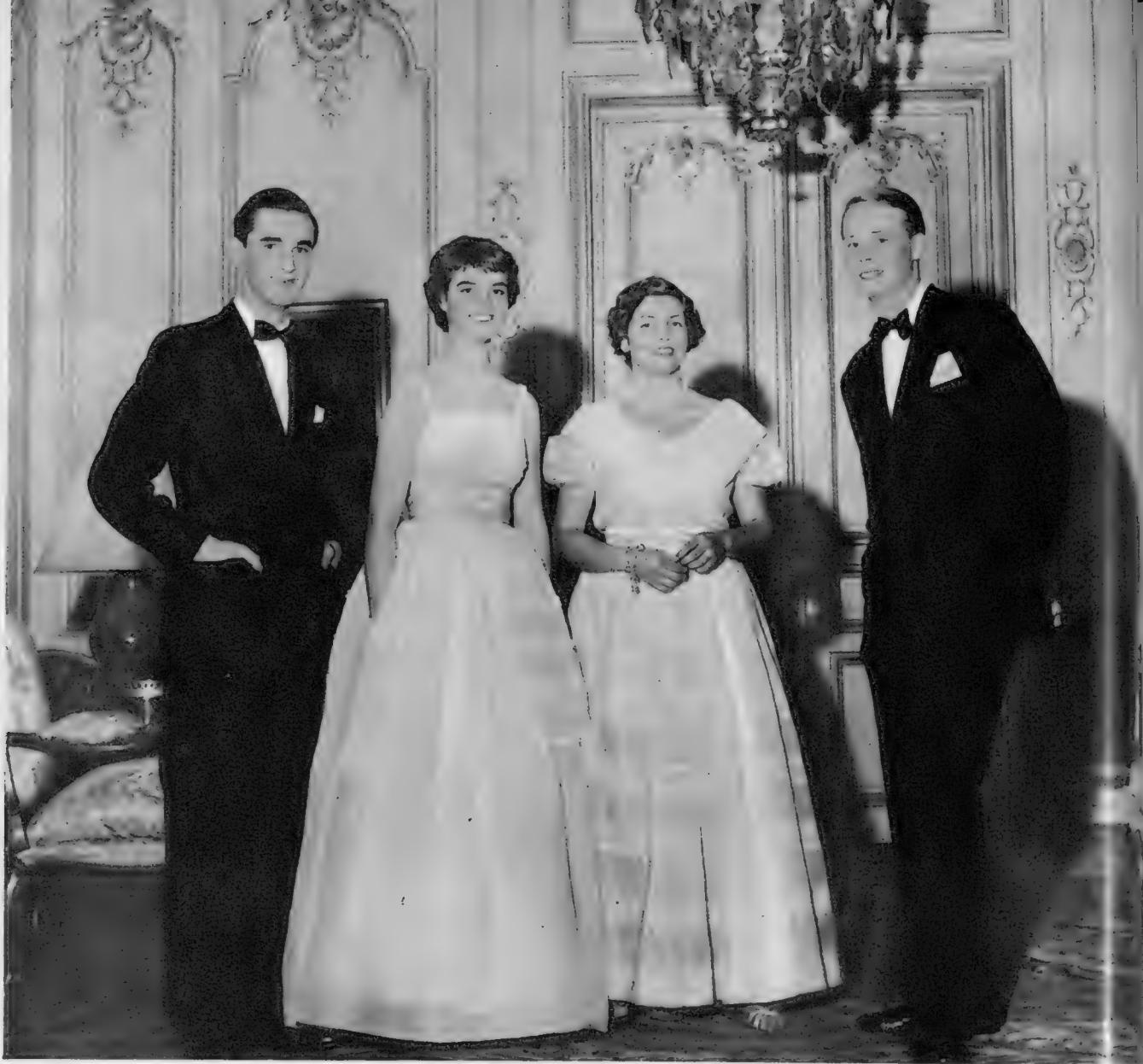


Mills Brothers, Ink Spots and Boswell Sisters harmonized their way to international fame in the late '20's and very early '30's.

But are these present-day favourites better than their counterparts of a quarter of a century ago? I would say, on the whole, that they are not. They appeal, in the main, to the jukebox set, which means that the more amateurish the singers sound the greater is their claim to success. While deplored the fact that the material through which these vocalists make their biggest hits is scarcely above the standard that would be entirely acceptable in a kindergarten class, I must, in all fairness, admit that there are some, like the Crew Cuts, who get away entirely by their ability to present sheer nonsense as their record hit "Sh-Boom" (Mercury M.B. 3140) confirms.

CURRENTLY the Crew Cuts offer "Twinkle Toes" and "Dance, Mr. Snowman," designed, no doubt, to infuse a four-part harmony spirit to the Christmas and New Year season. In this they undoubtedly succeed. These four young men put themselves over on gramophone records with an assurance that is almost uncanny. They are quite capable of making such doggerel as *Give Him a Loving Heart Like Pagliacci, and Lots of Wavy Hair Like Liberace*, sound completely adult, which, on any count, is quite a feat! (Mercury M.B. 3177.)

—Robert Tredinnick



Count Piero Roberti, the son of Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, Miss Henrietta Tiarks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, were with Mademoiselle Jacqueline Massigli for whom the party was given, and Viscount Elvedon

## TEEN-AGERS DANCED AT THE FRENCH EMBASSY

### At a Party Given by the Ambassador and Madame Massigli for their Niece Jacqueline



SELDOM will young people enjoy a better party in more beautiful surroundings than the outstandingly successful dance which Mme. Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador, gave in the magnificent French Embassy residence just before she left for France, where M. Massigli has gone to take up his new appointment at the Quai d'Orsay. Before he went he was honoured by our Queen when she invested him with the Companion of Honour, a sincere tribute of appreciation for all the work he has done during the ten years he has been French Ambassador in this country. Mme. Massigli gave this last party for her niece, Mlle. Jacqueline Massigli, who has always lived with them, and has been like a daughter to the Massiglis. It was arranged as perfectly in every detail as any of the many diplomatic and other wonderful parties she has given during their stay in London. Jacqueline, who is now fifteen, wore a white tulle dress and

was a charming little hostess, having learnt much of the art of entertaining from Mme. Massigli, who will be sadly missed as one of the leading hostesses in London.

The guests, who were mostly in their "teens," sat down to a delicious dinner at candlelit tables in the dining-room, each young girl being taken in to dinner by an escort. After dinner they danced in the big ballroom with its pale-yellow brocade curtains and magnificent tapestries, hanging on the walls.

TO mention a few of the young guests, I saw Lord Dundas dancing happily; Miss Camilla Straight, who has such a lovely sparkle and is so refreshingly full of the joy of life; Mr. James Daly, the good-looking son of the Hon. Mrs. George Sheffield; Lord Chetwode and the Hon. Christopher Chetwode, who both greeted their mother, Lady Sherwood, when she arrived just before midnight. The Marquise de Miramon's daughter, Eliane de Miramon, was enjoying herself, as were Mr. Philippe

Mengin, Mlle. Françoise Bouchend'homme, and Mr. Charles Hornby. Mr. Ralph Cobbold's twin daughters, Clare and Anne Cobbold, looked sweet in identical red velvet dresses.

THEIR cousin, Miss Henrietta Crawley, also in red, was there, and came up to ask Mr. Douglas Fairbanks to dance, a request he quickly fulfilled. His eldest daughter, Miss Daphne Fairbanks, was looking very nice in blue; also Miss Frances Sweeny, very gay and getting booked up for dance after dance; Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Mr. Paul Channon; Miss Angela Huth looking enchanting in a pale grey and pink dress; and Mr. Winston Churchill, whose father, Mr. Randolph Churchill, had a long talk to M. Massigli when he arrived. Other parents who came in before this wonderful party ended around 1 a.m., were the Countess of Ronaldshay, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, the Duchess of Argyll; Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight; Mr. Michael Hornby, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Huth.



Miss Angela Huth with Mr. Michael Dunkerly, son of the Duchess of Sutherland. There were ninety-nine guests at the party



Miss Camilla Roberts, Mr. Richard Head, son of Lady Dorothea Head and grandson of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Miss Clare Cobbold



The Hon. N. C. J. Rothschild, who is Lord Rothschild's heir, Miss Tessa Head, sister of Mr. Richard Head, and Mr. David Pryce-Jones were a trio sitting out



Younger guest Mr. Alastair Hamilton, Miss Sarah Wilson and Mr. Winston Churchill, who is a grandson of the Prime Minister



Desmond O'Neill

A couple enjoying the dancing were Miss Anna Massey and Mr. Tim Thornton. After dinner, the party continued until the early hours of the morning

# Standing By . . .

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**A**CCORDING to the latest attempt to solve an evergreen mystery, the Man in the Iron Mask—so called by Voltaire, the big tease, because it was an ordinary black velvet *loup*—was not the kidnapped diplomat Matthioli, who tried to doublecross Louis XIV, but a wild young lieutenant of the Garde Royale named Eustache Dauger de Cavoye, involved in a murder.

Why the Governor of the Bastille made this naughty Guardee wear a mask is not clear. But if it comes to that, it is equally not clear to us why smart hostesses still make everybody wear masks for a cotillon, the ritual unmasking at midnight being so often embarrassing. ("Off with that hideous mask!" roared jovial Sir George. "I took the damn thing off five minutes ago, you swab," riposted the Duchess frigidly.) In our unfortunate view only the bird-masks of the 18th-century Venetian Carnival can be said to have lent the mournful beauty of the Island Pan a perfect incognito simultaneously with a novel and mysterious glamour. *Pssst! Pssst! Beau masque!* Oh, Mamma! He kissed my hand while gliding past—could it have been that wicked and delightful Chevalier de Casanova? On the contrary, child, 'twas none other, judging by the asthma, than Beau "Stuffy" Parkinson of the Legation. (*Collapse of Miss, with vapours.*)

#### Reflection

**C**HAPS trying to solve the Iron Mask mystery seem to think of everybody but the memsahibs, several of whom enjoyed Bastille hospitality from time to time, usually with their maids. One of those little hellcat actresses popped at intervals into the prison of the For-L'Évêque for a week or two to cool their high heels might easily have been transferred, likewise, to the Governor's dismay. *Darling*, it was simply heaven—you should have seen me in my big scene from *The Breaking Heart*! My dear, that utter *poppet* of a Governor had a stroke on the spot.

#### Showplace

**R**ACKET for racket, it seems to us that the alleged house of Juliet at Verona, which a virtuous chap was lately denouncing as "a palpable fraud," is a very trivial, courteous, and unprofitable affront to the dopes compared with the monstrous cynicism of Stratford-upon-Avon.

BRIGGS



#### Footnote

**C**NIMROD PEEL, addicted to opium and hallucinations, and his brother Harkaway, a brooding, slightly sadistic collector of fungi, no doubt kept the farm going by marketing poppies and "mushrooms" respectively, but their effect on Old Man Peel's nerves was appalling. The story of hounds thrown by him down a well is untrue. They were merely some old dog-faced relatives abolished by a third cousin, Fred ("Stinker") Peel.

A little less snootiness, anti-blood-sports girls, and a trifle more charity, please.

#### Pageant

**H**AVING long ago discovered the enduring fascination-value of the stream of purposeful City boys pouring daily (say at Victoria) from suburban platforms with their little bowler hats, we find that a sensitive citizen writing to one of the dailies shares this subtle pleasure. He had no theory. The spectacle seemed just comic to him.

Nor, so far, have we any theory, except that it connects in some mystical way with nineteen centuries of Western civilisation and the Destiny of Man. And of course it is alluring to reflect, as the well-groomed City boys trot past, that each natty bosom is a battleground of conflicting passions like a Renaissance drama, and that under each trim little bowler seethes a whirlpool of dreams both noble and shameful; as many a startled blonde could testify, no doubt, when the mask is off.

O, the mind, mind has mountains ; cliffs of fall  
Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed. . . .

Take this, Miss Uh. Ref. our previous offer  
10th ult fifty ex div. consignments rectified  
widgets as per invoice herewith E & O E please  
note drop of arsenic in Mabel's coffee two  
singles Paris plane Capri easy Babs Babs lips  
like scarlet wound sorry George old boy please  
find body in rhododendrons easy easy would  
refer you our communication 17th re extended  
credit and confirm right to love yours  
faithfully. . . .

—by Graham

## XMAS HOLIDAY DANCE FOR THE YOUNGER SET

THE COUNTESS HOWE and Mrs. J. C. Carras gave a dance at the home of Mrs. Carras in Avenue Road, St. John's Wood. The guests, who aged from thirteen to twenty-one, thoroughly enjoyed a gay and amusing evening



Miss Ann Shafto and Mr. Costa Carras, who was one of the young hosts for whom the party was given, were enjoying themselves



Miss Sarah Lacy-Hulbert and the Hon. Martin Parsons, who is the younger son of the Earl of Rosse, were in conversation while sitting-out on the stairs between dances



Miss Anne Tichborne was talking to Mr. Timothy Elwes and enjoying this Xmas party



Mr. Warwick Greville-Collins was chatting to Lady Mary Maitland



Mr. Michael Benn drank a toast to Miss Zara Heber-Percy during the party

## KEEN RACING AT BALDOYLE

**M**R. JOHN GRIEVE'S Dennisford (No. 11) taking the lead after jumping the last hurdle, to win the Feltrim Handicap Hurdle, from Mr. K. Newham's Highland Chief and Mr. W. D. Darrer's Surrender, at Baldoyle, where the 1955 Irish racing season opened in a bitterly cold and biting wind



Mr. Derek de la Poer Trench in the paddock with Mrs. H. E. Shaw, who hunts with the Limerick



Lt.-Col. Rowly Byers, a new steward of Baldoyle, seen with Capt. and Mrs. Denis Baggallay



Left: Mr. and Mrs. Tom Dreaper with the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Verney, who is the daughter of Lord Bicester



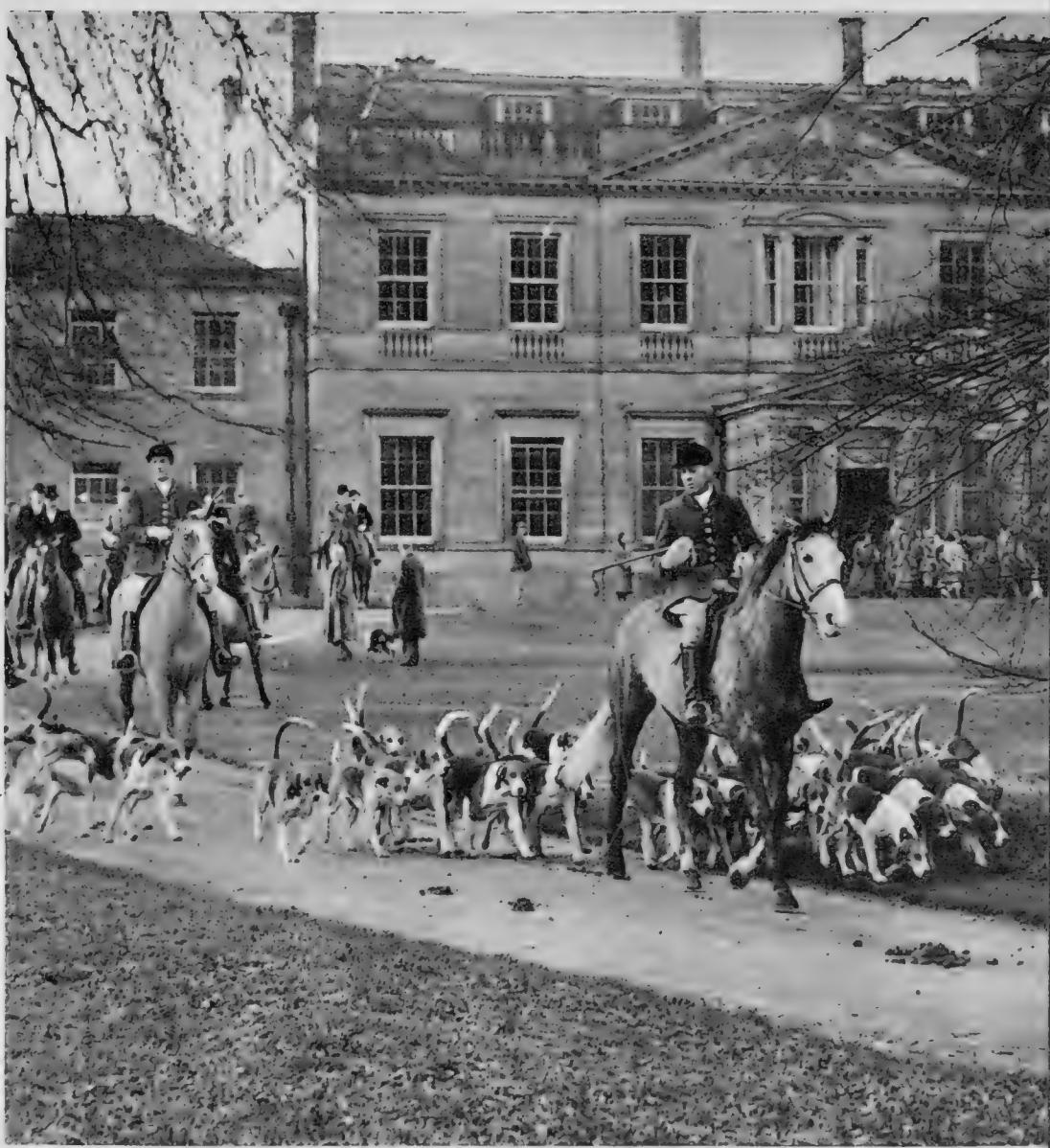
Right: Miss Susan Gaisford St. Lawrence checking off the runners with Miss Francis Boylan

## A LAWN MEET ON CHRISTMAS EVE

THE DERWENT met on Christmas Eve at Hackness Hall, near Scarborough, by kind permission of Lord Derwent. Right : Hounds moving off, led by Mr. Frank Turner, the kennel huntsman. The hunt dates back to 1808, and the kennels are at Snainton



Mr. Frank Turner (behind), Lady Derwent, the Hon. Robin Derwent, Mr. L. Chafer, who has been Master since 1946, and Lord Derwent talking before hounds moved off



Victor Hey.

### At The Races

## TWO GOOD CHASERS

**I**F we could believe that Galloway Braes could stay 4 miles 856 yards it is possible that we should not have to look much further for the next Grand National winner, because I am sure that the Aintree fences would not defeat him ; but I do not suppose that we shall ever see his name in the entry list, mainly, I expect, because his fair owner does not like the chance of accidents.

He does the job with so little effort that it might even allow us to think that the extra bit beyond his favourite 3 miles and a bittock would not really bother him. There is such a tremendous advantage in doing anything without any fuss, that it is impossible to gauge the saving in physical and nervous expenditure. I have no doubt that everyone who has ever played this exciting game will agree that there is such a vast difference between one that lands galloping, and one that lands all abroad and has to be picked up and put together again before he is ready for the next helping.

**P**ERSONALLY I have always found that the horse that asks to be paid for everything he does is not only a confounded nuisance, but

is sooner rather than later booked for Davy Jones' locker, and that you are usually very lucky if he does not take you along with him as part of his luggage. Galloway Braes' two main assets are that he is not afraid and that he likes jumping, and has gained the confidence which at the outset he lacked. It is always a bore having to make up two minds and carry two bags, the horse's and your own, and there is nothing so tiring as having to nurse one that demands being spoon-fed. These are the main reasons why I believe that Lady Orde's intrepid warrior might easily see many of them off if he were allowed to have a crack at the world's greatest jumping event. However, so long as the best three-miler in the world can go on collecting these minor spoils I suppose there is every justification in taking the cash and letting the credit go. There is, nevertheless, no getting away from the cachet which winning the Grand National bestows, and if ever an animal deserves to be given the chance to win that V.C., it is the one about which we are talking.



**S**o far as can be seen, in spite of the debunking which has been attempted where the Grand National is concerned, there ought to be a really good field in March. We have all heard those old grouses about the fences being too stiff, the strain too great, and the cruelty of this great event, but there is such a thing as honour and glory, and of that the Grand National can never be robbed. It is undoubtedly a specialist's job and no horse that has not learnt how to look over the top ever ought to go for it.

This applies to the men who ride them as well ; if you look at the roots, that is exactly the place where you are going to be stopped, and I am sure that this fact is not realised half often enough.

**T**RYING to anticipate what this field in March will look like must always be a dangerous quest, but we have already been told, as regards one of them, that if he is not weighed down by too big a burden Halloween, this recent winner, will be allowed to take his chance ; I wish we could say the same about Galloway Braes. Then we have several promising newcomers : Goosander, for instance, Mr. Linnett, Son of Marie, and the old-timers Royal Tan, Tudor Line, Churchtown and possibly Early Mist, even though there was some doubt about his standing training. And the Cheltenham Gold Cup winner, Four Ten, and there are sure to be several others who will crop up before we are through, to say nothing of grand old Irish Lizard, who is surely nearing that time when he is due for a life of ease with dignity.

—SABRETACHE

C. V. WEDGWOOD, the historian, has just published the first volume of her most ambitious work, a history of the Civil War. It is entitled *The King's Peace* (Collins; 25s.) and covers the years 1637-41. Miss Wedgwood, whose brilliance and scholarship are proverbial in the literary world, is the daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Ralph Wedgwood, Bt., of Dorking

## Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

# Montezuma's Mistake

CORTÉS AND MONTEZUMA, by Maurice Collis (Faber; 15s.), relates a story more strange than imagination could have devised: a page out of history at its most dramatic. Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*—a masterpiece, in spite of what may be said of its "starched prose"—was written, we are reminded, a hundred years ago: since then, scholarship has thrown light upon much of which Prescott was unaware.

Mr. Collis has brought to his re-telling the benefits of research, and the story gains, not loses, as a result. The more one knows, the more impressive this conquest is—for we are shown the systems of faith and thought at work behind it.

"Stout Cortés" did not, as once a poet believed, with eagle eyes stare at the Pacific: it was Balboa, not he, who stood "silent, upon a peak in Darien." Keats's possibly most sublime sonnet has promulgated a historical error—in fact, the Cortés achievement was more spectacular.

HERNAN CORTÉS, son of a country gentleman of Estremadura, left Spain in 1504, at the age of nineteen, for Hispaniola, where, in common with other Spaniards moved by the urge to get rich quick, he fared well, acquiring land and slaves. "Little Spain," however, did not content him; he moved on to Cuba, which (having been subdued) offered greater advantages, and there settled. For some years more nothing is heard of him—he took part, it seems, in none of the expeditions which were exploring the coastline of the American continent. As an adventurer,

he lay fallow until, in February 1519, he set sail, at the head of a not large force, to acquire Mexico.

The entire enterprise had about it something of a *tour de force*. And, rapacious as Spain in her great age of expansion may now appear, each armed expedition into the New World was also in the nature of a crusade: ahead of the firearms went the Cross. Mexico, in herself an empire, was up to now rumoured to be impregnable. The Conquistadors, a handful of splendid toughs, sought gain but were zealous for enlightenment. They were also, as instanced by Cortés, astute: he, at all points along his route, profited by the feeling against Mexico to be found in neighbouring vassal states.

SYMPATHY with the Spanish cause was marked by gifts, which included ladies. Doña Marina (as she came to be called) entered the picture, in this manner, early on: courageous, intelligent and well-born, she played a key part in the expedition. Unfailing ally, friend and interpreter, she stayed by Cortés' side both in council and in the thick of battles, and she bore him a son.

Less acceptable, though for diplomatic reasons impossible to refuse, was a fat local governor's plain niece, donated at a subsequent port of call.

Having landed on the Mexican coast, Cortés burned his boats behind him (literally) and marched inland. How this act of either genius or foolhardiness was rewarded, the story of *Cortés and Montezuma* tells. Mr. Collis has drawn, for what could seem an incredible narrative, on the chronicles kept by Bernal Diaz—a frank

and intelligent member of Cortés' party. Nervous (as many intelligent people are), Bernal continued to keep notes: in old age, he published *The True History of the Conquest of New Spain*. Bernal had, it seems, above all things a sense of character: it is from him that these two major portraits, of the inspired Spanish adventurer and the Mexican priest-king have been culled.

MONTEZUMA awaited Cortés' arrival. Able to strike, and to strike fatally, he permitted the advance of this handful of invaders into his realm. He remained not only passive but as though paralysed—and why? He believed Cortés to be an expected god—Quetzalcoatl, driven from Mexico, but due (by all the prophecies) to return upon a certain day of a certain year. And it was on that Day of the Nine Winds that Cortés first set foot on Mexican soil. Which was also, that year, the eve of Good Friday. The seers had spoken: now spies reported.

So, the arcs of two religions had intersected. It is impossible to read of this something-more-than-coincidence without awe. On a causeway entrance to his lake-island capital, Montezuma came out to meet Cortés and made his submission to Quetzalcoatl. Cortés, throughout his dealings with Montezuma, seems neither to have admitted nor denied a divine entity. From then on, for as long as Montezuma lived, the invaders were treated as mystic guests. The wealth, the civilised beauties of Mexico were open to them.

Horror, however, tainted the air—for a prolonged fear, a fear of gods only to be propitiated by human sacrifice, was the basis of Mexican religion. Blood-caked temples peopled by butcher priests smoked, on pyramids over the fair city. Montezuma, the Spaniards' gentle host, was himself, as king, a practitioner of abhorrent rites—which culminated in the eating of victims' flesh.

IN spite of all, Bernal soon came to love, respect and admire mild Montezuma. Here, one feels (as the portrait comes through via Mr. Collis), was potentially one of those three Wise Men who, star-drawn, made obeisance at Bethlehem. And here, too, what could have been a Shakespeare character.... After Montezuma's death,



bewildered and sad, the situation for Cortés deteriorated : the Spaniards had to fight their way out, with great loss, from the city they had entered in state. Though this was not the end of the grand bluff : they waited, and once more their time came. As an adventure-story alone, *Cortés and Montezuma* would claim the reader. But as something deeper, it remains in the mind.

\* \* \*

**G**OOD MORNING, MISS DOVE (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.) is a wholly delightful American novel about a teacher, by Frances Gray Patton—whose book of short stories, *The Finer Things of Life*, the discerning among you will recall. Our heroine, a spinster of rigid gait, unswerving eye and formidable manner, has been geography mistress at Cedar Grove School for thirty-five years. She has put the fear of death into generations of junior children—some of her ex-pupils are by now leading citizens of the town, entitled Liberty Hill.

When, one fine April morning, Miss Dove goes sick and is seen being borne through the streets to hospital, the skies seem to have fallen, for old and young. That the famous authoritarian *should* be human, and therefore mortal (for she is gravely ill, it seems ; she may die) comes as a shock to the whole community.

To get the most out of this book, one should perhaps know something of the American way of life, with its merger of ideals and sentiments, its success-desires, its lurking infantilisms—these, Miss Dove's creator has pin-pointed with satire and love. "Liberty Hill," she confides to us, "was like a hundred American towns, smug and cosy, and it put its special stamp upon its own. People born and raised there—high and low, rich and poor—were neighbours in an irrevocable way...."

Here, all the same, is the portrait of a great woman, transcending race, locality and time. Humour and poignancy (for we are shown the teacher as the ageing, lonely, courageous creature she is) make this a book to remember. And, best of all, have you and I not known some Miss Dove in real life ?

\* \* \*

**A** GRAND MAN, by Catherine Cookson (Macdonald; 8s. 6d.), is, again, a just-not-sentimental tale—heroine, a small and mendacious girl called Mary Ann, one of the Tyneside Irish. The Shaughnessy's tenement home is, alas, none the happier for the father—Michael, who never seems to make good, and drinks.

Grannie, the dragon of the piece, is bent on breaking the Shaughnessy marriage up—as Mary Ann, hearing too much through too-thin walls, cannot but know. Her ally, Father Owen, the Catholic priest, is left breathless by the small girl's campaign. . . . This is not the first of Miss Cookson's Tyneside novels : it may well prove the most popular up to date. With *A Grand Man*, the 1955 fiction list opens on an optimistic note.

\* \* \*

**T**HE HOUSE IS FALLING, by Nigel Fitzgerald (Crime Club, Collins; 10s. 6d.), is the third and, I think, so far the best of this author's Irish detective stories. We're in the West once more : a tall, frowning family house, Cooline, faces seaward down a river-fraught valley.

The house-party, from the outset ill-omened, terminates with its hostess's fall downstairs—Superintendent Duffy, called in, diagnoses murder. Who set that trap for poor Mrs. Cliffe-Barry? Many had cause to. And, to crown all, everything happens in race-week.



Major and Mrs. D. F. B. Stucley, host and hostess, were talking to Sir Malcolm Sargent, who was a guest for several days

## A FESTIVAL BALL AT HARTLAND ABBEY

THE guests at the Taw and Torridge Festival Ball included many musical and literary figures. It was held at Hartland Abbey, home of Major and Mrs. D. F. B. Stucley



Miss Fay Smythe, who comes from South Africa, Mr. David Farquharson and Miss Inge Jorgensen were sitting out



Stuart J. Turner

Ronald Duncan, the playwright, who lives at Welcombe, near Bideford, was sitting-out after a dance with Mrs. Greenville Poke

Mr. Henry Williamson, the well-known West Country author, came over from Georgeham, North Devon, with Mrs. Williamson



Close-up of the little pink satin hat, spotted with black velvet and trimmed with a narrow velvet ribbon. It is priced at £9. 9. 0.

A CHOICE  
FOR THE WEEK

The dress goes out to dinner. Its deep, beautifully modelled décolletage and the nearly long sleeves make this a lovely and unusual semi-formal affair. The half-flower earrings of rhinestones cost 98/6

# QUICK CHANGE

When a woman comes up to London for a day's shopping, to have tea with friends and later to meet her husband for dinner and a theatre, she needs an adaptable outfit. The two-piece that we have chosen from Henri Gowns' collection seems to answer the problem very satisfactorily. It costs 25½ gns. and comes from the Model Gown Department at Marshall & Snelgrove, which shop also supplied the hat, gloves and jewelled clips

—MARIEL DEANS



The dress goes shopping. The dark blue wool crêpe frock worn with its battle-blouse jacket. This finishes in a softly draped hip-sash which pulls through a big buckle. Sleeves are three-quarter length, the shoulders gently rounded. The pale jersey gloves cost 14s. 11d.





A two-piece from Jacqmar's ready-to-wear department, Grosvenor Street, is made of a traverse weave tweed in indigo and black. The straight jacket with its big shawl collar and vertical pockets is worn over a slimly-fitting dress



We show here the dress of the Jacqmar two-piece without its coat. It has a very pretty, deep décolletage and the bodice buttons diagonally. The three-quarter length sleeves are here shown pushed up above the elbow



Dior's "long line" at its longest. A suit from the new C.D. Model collection in hound's tooth worsted suiting. The jacket falls straight from the high bust line to the base of the hips. McDonalds, of Glasgow, have it



A suit from Hardy Amies' boutique made of grey worsted with a flannel finish. The jacket hangs straight at the back. In front it is slightly nipped in at the natural waist line. The three-quarter sleeves finish in a cuff

# Lunching out in London from winter to spring

THE formal elegance of the Ritz, that most cosmopolitan of London hotels, supplies the background for three beautifully tailored suits, and a dress and jacket. Here are the perfect ensembles for the intimate luncheon with your favourite escort or the pre-luncheon cocktail party. Four charming outfits in which to look pretty (and also extremely smart when lunching with your favourite man of the moment)

—MARIEL DEANS



John Cole

This beautifully cut suit in beige tweed is designed by Neil Rogers at Fortnum & Mason. It has a short jacket and is fastened, both left-over-right and right-over-left, with large buttons of the same colour

*Peter Clark*

"Handmacher" suits have long been the darlings of American women. Now they are being manufactured in this country by Strelitz Ltd. This very young-looking suit in two-toned wool tweed has a brief belted jacket and a slim, panelled skirt. Harvey Nichols will be having it in stock at the beginning of February



Dorville's speckled tweed town suit, with its new looser waistline and dropped shoulders, features a low-slung martingale belt. All inquiries to Rose & Blairman, Dorville House, John Prince's Street, W.1

*Make sure that under  
your coat you are—*

## *Suited for the spring*

**N**OW that January is here (writes Mariel Deans) one feels that springtime and suit weather is not impossibly far ahead. Just now we wear our suits under a top coat but already look forward to the day when that coat can be shed. Here are three new models, two from an old established London house, the other of American origin to show you the kind of suits that will be in the shops as soon as the wild sales-days are over

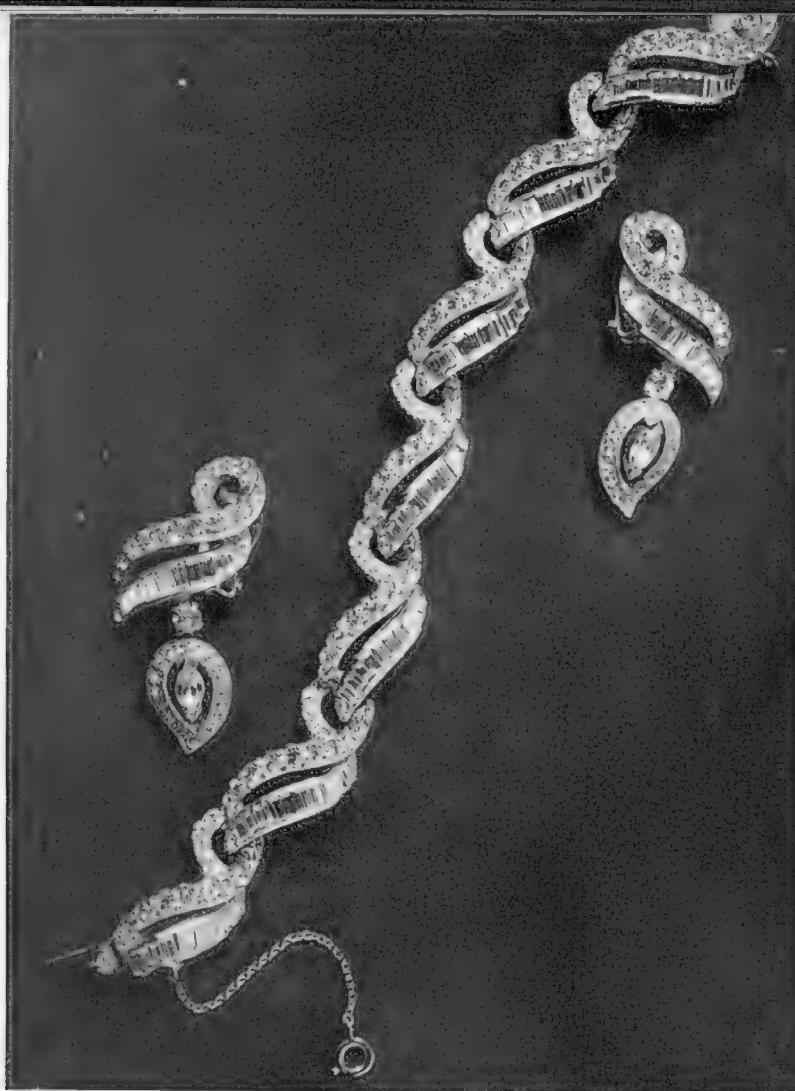
Matita's long jacket of shaded grey stripes has a plain grey yoke and lapels and is worn with a plain grey skirt. Its very long line and horizontal stripes make it an excellent choice for the tall woman. Marshall & Snelgroves' county shops at Birmingham and York will be stocking this



or lucky travellers  
sunnier climes



Cristal gros-grain makes this very charming summer suit by Matita with a champagne background printed with black flowers. Margaret Marks has this suit



Elegant Bracelet and Ear-clips to match. Bracelet £9 10s. Ear-clips £5 16s. a pair from Fortnum & Mason



A beautiful and interesting collection of real Petit-Point Bags at the attractive price of £28 19s. 6d. each. They are from Debenham and Freebody.



Gaily decorated compacts in unusual designs. Round 78s. 6d. Oblong £2 10s. 9d. Obtainable from Harrods

## Attractive Accessories

PARTIES are in full swing, so what better way to spend your Christmas cheque than on something decorative to match the party spirit? The shops back up this idea, so let's catch on and play ball

— JEAN CLELAND



Dennis Smith

In glass with gold design, this charming set gives a fragrant look to the dressing table. Price £12 12s. stocked at Marshall and Snelgrove

## *That even temperature*

MUCH of the success of a good party starts at the very beginning, with a *warm welcome*, and this must include the all enveloping comfort of a *warm house*. Guests, like red wine, need to have the chill removed to be at their best, and nothing takes the glow from the party spirit more completely than a cold room. The heat of a fire at one end, though good to look at, is rarely sufficient—except in a very small space—to penetrate beyond the charmed circle of early arrivals who cluster round it, leaving the less fortunate latecomers shivering in the background. No wonder visitors from overseas grumble that we, in this country, fry our fronts and freeze our backs.

Ideal state of affairs is a coal fire for effect, and

central heating for encircling warmth, and quite the best way I have yet met of achieving this happy combination—without the fuss of having the whole house refitted—is by means of the Dimplex Oil-filled Electric Radiators, which just plug into any suitable power point.

THESE radiators have many advantages. They are permanently filled with oil which is hermetically sealed, and needs no replenishing. They can be carried from room to room, and are thermostatically controlled so that there can be no risk of burning or scorching. Room temperature can be adjusted for maximum comfort, and when once the desired heat is reached,

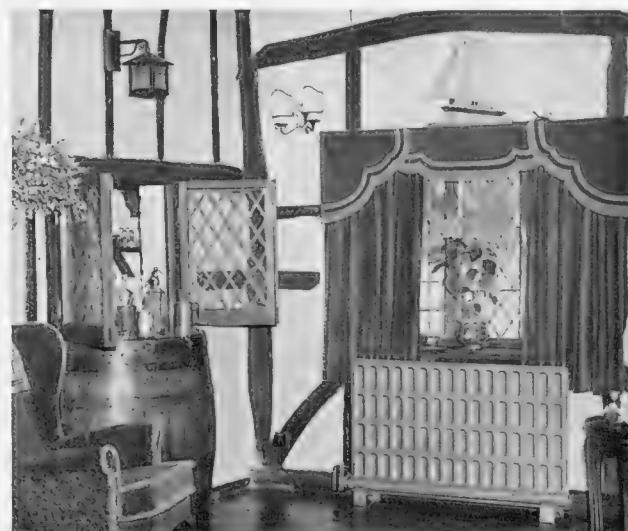
the radiators switch off. When the room starts to cool, they switch on again. This means that you can go out in the morning, leave the radiators on with perfect safety, and come back late at night to a warm house, at exactly the temperature in which you left it at the start of the day.

Mr. WADE, at a delightful party at his new showrooms at 17 Shepherd Street, W.1, told me something that, to a forgetful person like myself, seemed a boon beyond price. "You could," he said, "even go away for a holiday and forget to turn off the radiators, with no need to worry. They would continue to function as usual, with nothing to mark the lapse of memory beyond a warm welcome on return."

In conclusion he told me that his company had had the privilege of installing more than a hundred radiators of this type in the Duke and Duchess of Windsor's new house in France.



Two ways of using the Dimplex radiator. Left, in the bathroom, where it also acts as a towel airer. Right, under the window of a living-room



*Beauty*

## PARTIES GALORE

*Jean Cleland*

**P**ARTIES, parties, parties. First Xmas, and now the New Year. They're foolish, but they're fun. There comes a point, however, when we feel surfeited with late nights, good cheer and mornings that are *not* quite so good. As a friend said to me yesterday, "My dear, I've put on pounds, and my face is beginning to droop. My weight is going up and my looks are going down, what shall I do about it?"

Well, there is no doubt about it, that there is nothing like a ceaseless round of thorough-going pleasure for tiring you out and taking the sparkle from your eyes. This seems to be the moment to pause, take a deep breath and get your second wind.

The deep breath is something which should be *taken literally*. Not very long ago I had a talk with an eminent specialist who waxed enthusiastic over the benefits of deep breathing. Ordinary breathing, that we do all the time, he explained, is only very shallow. Deep breathing in front of an open window fills the lungs with oxygen and enriches the blood stream. In his opinion, there is no better way of enlivening the looks and regaining renewed health and vitality. Fling open the windows as wide as possible on rising, and, in a light dressing gown, or some other article of clothing, which is neither heavy nor restricting, do the deep breathing in the following way:

1. Place your hand on either side of the ribs, inhale a deep breath, and press out hard against the palms. Push and push until you have inhaled the last possible drop, then exhale slowly through the mouth. Rest, then do it again.

2. Take a short breath as low down as possible, and press out against the walls of the abdomen. Continue the same breath drawing it up into the ribs and the diaphragm, then go on still higher, and swell out the chest until you can take in no more. Hold the breath for a few seconds and then exhale.

THESE exercises should be done about six times each (not more at first as they are rather tiring), and it is important to relax after each six. The most effective way to do it is to flop forward from the waist, with the head hanging down, and the arms swinging loosely at the sides, then after a few seconds, straighten up again.

Now to revive the skin. There is no better method for this than by the combined use of ice, tonic lotion and brisk patting. This very quickly whips up the circulation and, at the same time, braces slack muscles and takes away the "sagging" look which so often affects the face when one is feeling tired.

Put a piece of ice into a saucer, and then pour in a little tonic lotion. Wring out a wad of cotton-wool (shaped like an egg) in cold water, then soak it in the cold lotion. Pat briskly with this all along the jaw-line, starting at the chin and working up to the ears on either side of the face. Continue until the skin feels warm and glowing. Re-moisten the cotton-wool and pat—a little more lightly—from the chin to the corners of the mouth, and on, up to the nose. Moisten again, and pat *up* the sides of the face—avoiding the cheek-bones—and *out* to the ears. Finish by patting along the forehead from the bridge of the nose and *out* to the temples.

When the patting is done, you will already feel the enlivening effect, which can be still further encouraged by the rest of the treatment. Massage the face with a good skin food, and leave on a thin film. Cover up as far as the eyes with a large pad of cotton-wool soaked in tonic lotion—having made holes



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for the nose and mouth—then gently rub all over the top with a piece of ice and allow to remain on, with the cold gently seeping through, for about five minutes. It is important to remember that ice should never be applied directly to the skin, as the intense cold is likely to damage the small underlying blood vessels and thus cause red veins. The covering cream, with the pad of cotton wool on top, acts as protection and makes the ice treatment both safe and effective.

YOU will notice that I said that the pad of cotton-wool should cover the face "up to the eyes." For these, two separate pads soaked in eye lotion should be used. Place them over the closed lids, and rub very lightly over the top with the ice, and you will find it most refreshing.

A treatment such as I have described, done before going out in the evening is one of the best "pick-me-ups" I know, for looks that are beginning to wilt. For the finishing touch, to give an attractive healthy glow, apply one of the tinted foundations. When it has been well blended into the skin, pat just a suggestion of cream rouge on to the cheek bones—placing it rather high up—"lift the face"—and smooth it in until only a faint flush remains. Powder as usual, using the powder plentifully to begin with, and dusting off the surplus with a soft brush or piece of cotton-wool. You will then be able to "face up" to any further parties that may be forthcoming.



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## Motoring

# Yards Versus Metres

**Oliver Stewart**

THROUGH snow and ice (in all probability) the banner with the strange device: "144 Rallye Monte-Carlo" will be borne around various parts of this and other countries from the seventeenth onwards. British preparations seem to have been thorough this year and we may reasonably hope for good results. The British Racing Drivers Club's mock-up of the acceleration and braking test course will be in use after these notes have gone to press, but I have already heard of many drivers who propose to avail themselves of it. It was set up at Silverstone.

Perhaps, parenthetically, I might lodge a small complaint about this mock-up. Details of it were sent out with the distances given in British imperial measures. Whether this change had taken place in transmission or whether the Club send the dimensions to competitors in that form I do not know. But the official regulations are, of course, in the metric system, and it is my contention that competition motor car drivers—like scientists and nearly all sensible people—prefer the metric system, rather than our own.

We speak of engine capacities in the metric system and the makers of many major motor car components have, from the early days, used this system. All discussions of Monte Carlo Rally measurements should be confined to it.

Conversions are not difficult. When the Silverstone mock-up is said to have a 400 yards run in, the difference between that and the official figure is only about five yards. Similarly the reversing distance given as 250 yards is

only one and a half yards wrong; but my point is, why have it wrong at all? Why not use the figures of the *Règlement*, namely 370 metres and 230 metres. I feel most strongly that competition motorists above all others, but also motorists in general, should try to avoid the muddled parochialism of British imperial measures and should whenever possible employ the only international system of weights and measures; the metric system.

A CORRESPONDENT has raised again that old problem of static electricity generated, he says, in cars in which large amounts of plastics are used. He complains of having received shocks from his car on touching the door handle. This is no new thing and thousands of people have experienced it, although I cannot say that I myself have ever noticed it. Cars, like aeroplanes, can accumulate a static charge. They can retain it if they do not have (as aeroplanes do) conducting tyres; but the charge can never be sufficient to cause the slightest injury or even discomfort. It may just be felt on touching a door handle, but that is all, and I discount the stories (though I am subject to correction) about "sparks" jumping between hand and handle.

The effect is usually only noticed on hot days with low humidity, and I am told by one with knowledge of these matters that the driver, if he is wearing the right sort of clothes, can "charge" himself as he slides over the leather covered seats. Static charges are not only generated (as my correspondent seems to think) in "new models in which plastics are extensively used." They can be generated in



any kind of car provided the insulation is there.

We may sum it all up by saying that these static charges can be accumulated in the car or in the driver; that they are so small as to be negligible and that rubber-soled shoes and non-conducting tyres have parts to play. I regret having to be sceptical of my correspondent's wonderful story of stepping out of his brand new car to shake hands with a friend and of being startled by a long spark which leaped between their hands with a smart crack! But perhaps it will happen to me one day.

**G**REAT efforts are being made with the new B.R.M. projects and it must be hoped that the new policy of limiting the objectives and concentrating more vigorously upon rate of development will reap its reward.

It is worth recalling that when the B.R.M. Research Trust sold the assets of the company to Rubery Owen, over ninety-five per cent of the replies received from members of the B.R.M. Association voted for continued support. But the rules of the Association necessitated the official winding up which took place in London about a year ago. That was how the Owen Racing Motor Association came into being, for Mr. Alfred Owen is head—among many other companies—of Rubery Owen. It was at this meeting that it was announced that the Formula 1 project was under way.

In one of the specialist papers it is reported that the plan includes not only the conventional Formula 1 scheme—that is a four-cylinder engine of 2½ litres capacity—but also an unconventional scheme making use of the alternative of 750 cubic centimetres supercharged. Few people thought that the supercharged alternative would prove popular but it will be technically interesting to see what can be done with it.

**S**o far there is no further news of Bugatti. We all hope to see that famous name back in the lists of entrants in the big races. A the time when I owned a Bugatti the name held magic and women talked of the colour known as "Bugatti blue" which was, in fact merely the national racing colour for France given a faint but individual inflection by the patron.

It may be true that the name of Bugatti had greater renown than actual performance in the great races warranted. But it is also true that there were hundreds of private owners of Bugattis who could count on quite successful seasons with their cars in the secondary events. My old friend Staniland, the test pilot, was one such. He took his car everywhere and anywhere and accumulated a large number of firsts and seconds.

But the hour is now late and I am beginning to doubt those earlier rumours that we were to see Bugattis back in the Grand Prix fields towards the middle of 1955. I cannot check the point because I shall not be in France before April, and the habits of the French in the matter of answering letters are too well known to be emphasized. But I did receive the other day a minute envelope with a minute visiting card inside it with two or three illegible words scrawled upon it. Let us hope they meant that I shall be receiving information soon.

**T**HE Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation has lifted the speed limit from a section of A4. It concerns about 250 metres of road at Box, in Wiltshire, near the junction of the road leading to Ashley. This was the outcome, I am told, of representations by the motoring organizations.



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## SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS



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Miss Shirley D. M. Kemble, only child of Cdr. K. Kemble, of Maiden's Green, Winkfield, Berkshire, and Mrs. Hampden-Ross, of Jersey, is to marry Mr. Terence R. Goulder, son of the late Mr. D. Goulder and of Mrs. Goulder, of Wingfield, Englefield Green, Surrey



*Pearl Freeman*  
Miss Caroline M. B. Gibbs, youngest daughter of the late Rev. F. A. W. Gibbs, M.C., and of Mrs. Gibbs, of Ampney St. Peter, Cirencester, Glos, is engaged to Mr. Richard M. O. Stanley, younger surviving son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. O. H. Stanley, D.S.O., and of Lady Kathleen Stanley, of Woodlands Vicarage, Frome, Somerset



*Fayer*  
Miss Clemency M. M. Elwes, youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. R. Elwes, O.B.E., M.C., and the late Mrs. Elwes, of Elsham Hall, Brigg, Lincolnshire, is to marry Mr. P. D. Fanshawe, the Queen's Bays, son of Brig. and Mrs. G. Fanshawe, of Caulcott House, Heyford



*Fayer*  
Miss Penelope June Colt, daughter of Mr. Neville Colt, of Ringmer, and of Mrs. J. U. Hogarth, of Smith Terrace, S.W.3, is engaged to marry Mr. Kenneth Ord Mackenzie, second son of the late Capt. K. Mackenzie and of Mrs. M. E. Campbell, C.B.E.



*Harlip*  
Miss Mary E. Skinner, daughter of the late Col. E. J. Skinner, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Skinner, of Grosvenor Court, S.W.1, is engaged to Mr. F. M. Crowdys, of Kylestrone House, Ebury Street, S.W.1, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crowdys

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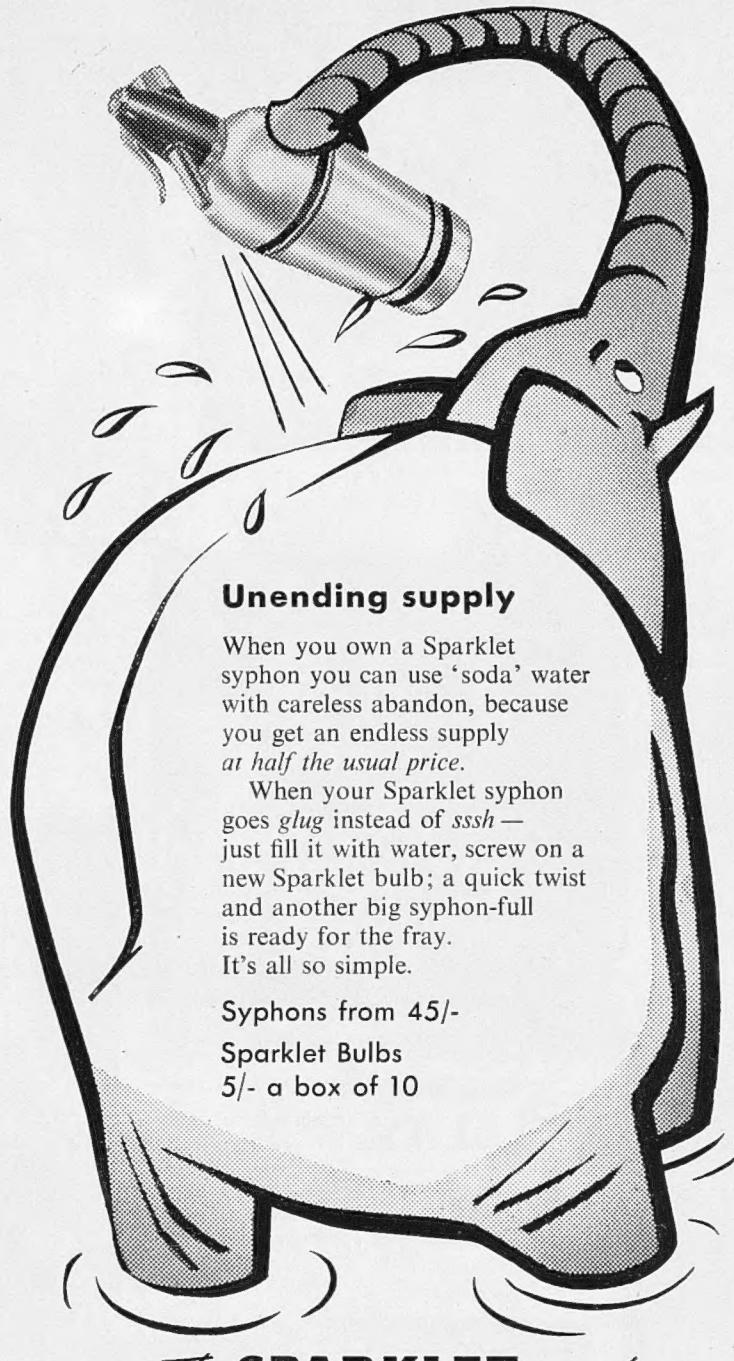
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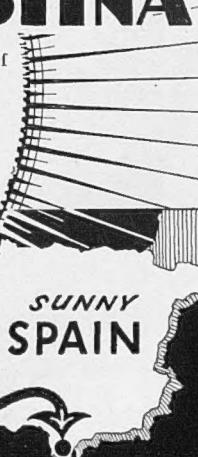
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RENTON—BOND

*Mr. Henry Jeremy Renton, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Renton, of Mulberry Walk, S.W.3, married in London Miss Jacintha Marian Bond, only daughter of the late Mr. H. Vivian Bond, and of Mrs. Bond, of Wargrave Court, Berkshire*

Fayer



BUXTON—CAMPBELL

*Lt. G. St. J. R. Buxton, R.N., son of Capt. R. H. V. Buxton, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Buxton, of Greatbridge House, Romsey, married Miss Judith A. Campbell, daughter of the Hon. Angus and Mrs. Campbell, of Doddington Cottage, Nantwich, Cheshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton*

Lenare



RICE—RAVENS CROFT

*Capt. D. H. G. Rice, the Queen's Bays, son of the late Mr. A. G. Rice, and of Mrs. Rice, of Old Court Cottage, Battle, married, at Exmouth Miss D. A. Ravenscroft, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Ravenscroft, of Aldborough, Budleigh Salterton, Devon*



BARING—HUSBAND

*Mr. Robin Windham Baring, son of the late Hon. W. Baring, and of Lady Gweneth Cavendish, of Ightham Court, Kent, married Miss Anne Elizabeth Husband, daughter of Major W. F. Husband, and of Mrs. M. Baring, at Hyde, Winchester*



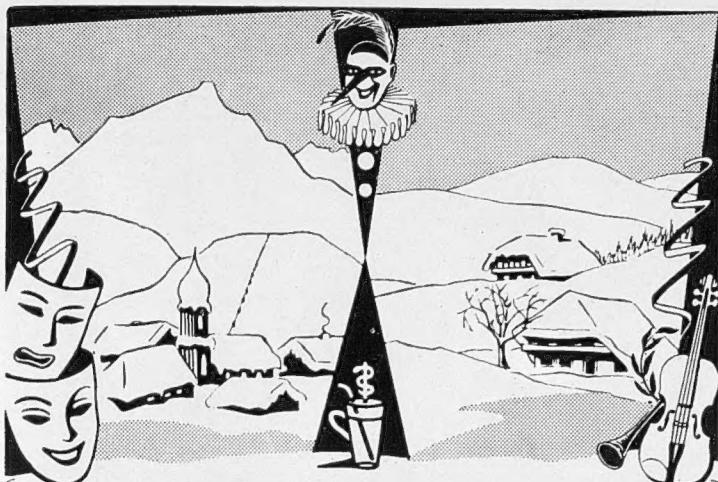
THOROLD—REYNOLDS

*Mr. Peter Guy Henry Thorold, son of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Thorold, of Stanton Court, Broadway, Worcestershire, married Miss Merilyn Mary Reynolds, daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir John and Lady Reynolds, of Chelsea Square, S.W.3, in Chelsea*



COBHAM—OAKES

*Mr. Michael John Cobham, son of Sir Alan and Lady Cobham, of West Overcliffe Drive, Bournemouth, married Miss Jane Mudah Oakes, daughter of the late Major D. M. Oakes, and of Mrs. Woolfenden, of Brighton, at the Savoy Chapel*



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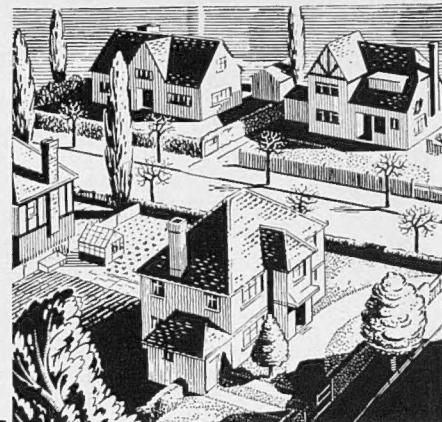
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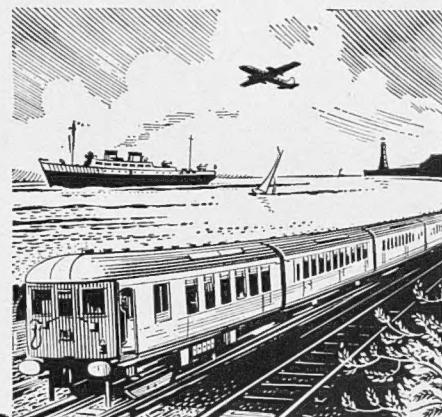
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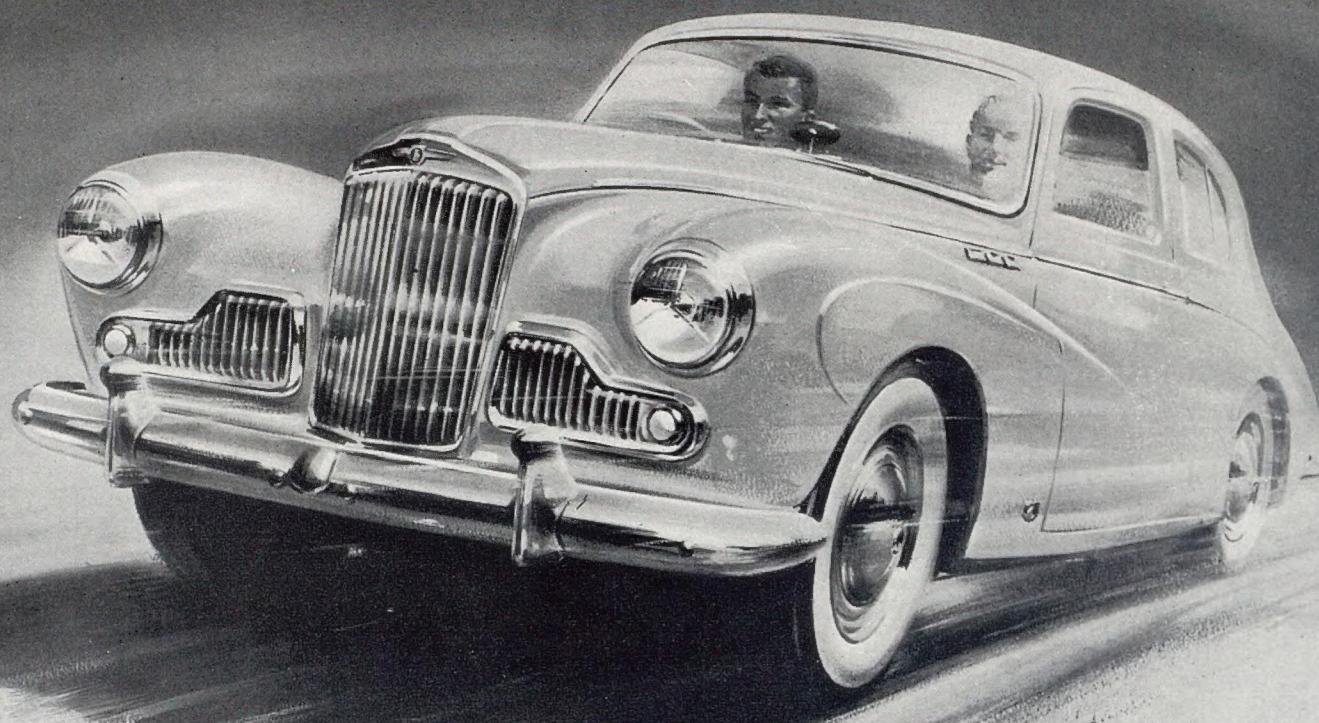
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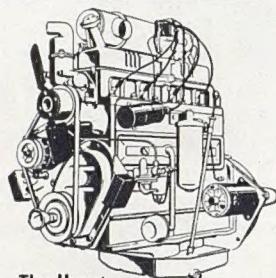


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